

CHANDAMAMA

DECEMBER 1988

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Turn to Page 11
for 'STORY OF
BUDDHA'.

RAM & SHYAM

PARLE

IN PRESENCE OF MIND

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UMMM... POPPINS!

JUST THEN, A SCOOTER SCREECHES TO A HALT STARTLING RAM & SHYAM. TWO MEN RUSH INSIDE THE BANK PREMISES AND FIRE GUN SHOTS.

HEY!

OUR BANKER FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER, WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!

THEY ENTER THE BANK THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

THEY'RE SHOCKED AT WHAT THEY SEE.

HANDS UP! GIVE US ALL THE MONEY!

THEY CREEP UP CLOSER TO THE TWO MEN AND POINT THEIR UNOPENED POPPINS PACKS LIKE GUNS.

THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION!

HANDS UP!

CAUGHT UNAWARES, THE TWO THIEVES ARE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH. RAM & SHYAM QUICKLY TIE THEM UP WITH ROPES.

RAM & SHYAM, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB!

HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?

SUCH PRESENCE OF MIND.

OUR POPPING PACKS CAME TO THE RESCUE.

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IN THIS ISSUE

Mythology:

Bitter Truths Of Life
— In Story of Buddha ... Page 11

Stories:

Danger At The Dining Table:
Choking ... Page 16
The Two Thirsty Travellers ... Page 20
The Wizard Under Spell ... Page 23
Somu And The Giant ... Page 25
A Bargain In A Rainy Night ... Page 31
The First Adventure ... Page 36

Was The Princess Betrayed? ... Page 39
The Perfect Match ... Page 46
The Landlord's Promise ... Page 49
Three Comments ... Page 55
A Strange Encounter ... Page 57
The Man Behind The Sword ... Page 60

Picture Stories:

The Face In The Morning ... Page 47
Saga Of Nehru (2) ... Page 51

Features:

World Of Nature ... Page 34
World Of Sport ... Page 35
The Colossal Tirthankara ... Page 62

AND News Flash, Let us Know and More!

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 19 JANUARY 1989 No. 7

HOW SIDDHARTHA NAMED HIS SON
— in the Story of Buddha.

SAGA OF NEHRU : shows the horror
of Jallianwala Bagh massacre and
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सुचिन्तितं चोषधमातुराणां न नाममात्रेण करोत्यरोगम् ॥

*Shastranyadheetyapi bhavanti murkha yastu kriyavan purusah sa vidwan
Suchintitam chausadhamaturanam na namamatrena karotyarogam.*

Those who study a number of scriptures, but never act according to their learning are fools. Only those who act according to their learning are really educated. A disease can be cured only by taking medicines, not by uttering the names of the medicines.

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TOWARDS THE NEW YEAR

We are happy to see that the supplement on general knowledge we have introduced on the eve of the new year has been well appreciated by our readers. The new year is setting in and we should announce our plans for it. For about fifteen years now we have given you an uninterrupted series of Indian legends, the largest collection to be ever presented by a magazine. It is time we give you legends of other countries. They will be helpful to understand the different ancient civilisations and cultures.

But you will receive Indian stories galore – through another series : “The Classic Stories of India”. They will be culled from the epics and other great works in different Indian languages.

Let the true spirit of India lead us to a brighter future.

Thoughts to be Treasured

The distant mountains seem easy of access and climbing, the top beckons, but, as one approaches, difficulties appear, and the higher one goes the more laborious becomes the journey and the summit recedes into the clouds. Yet the climbing is worth the effort and has its own joy and satisfaction.

— Jawaharlal Nehru



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NEWS FLASH



THE FLYING CHARIOT

The flying chariots or *vimanas* described in the Indian mythology, are not fanciful ideas of poets; they were real, thinks Dr. Roberto Pinotti, an eminent Italian scientist. He told the delegates to the World Space Conference at Bangalore that a study of the ancient texts will reveal the science that was behind the making of the *Vimana*.

A GIANT RING IN THE SKY

A giant ring will dazzle our eyes in the sky in the year 2000. This symbol of unity, wholeness and peace will be launched to mark man's passage into the next thousand years.



MAN ON MARS

The United States will send human beings to the moons of Mars and Mars itself between A.D. 2001 and 2010.

THE LITTLE WIZARDS

Sameer Mehra aged 11 and his sister Kanika aged 12 can solve the most difficult puzzles invented by the world's greatest puzzle-maker, Prof. Erno Rubik. Sameer can solve it in 25 seconds and Kanika in two minutes. The professor himself had not been able to solve it for a long time, though he knew that it can be solved.



Fold in and find out

Look who smiles
as the train goes miles
on a track so tasty, so
full of so much get-set-and-go energy



A▶

Fold to make "A" meet "B"

◀B

Clue :
Introducing
something new
that has a plus!



New
100 g.
Pack


Bakeman's
Home Baked Freshness

New!
**Glucose
Plus** BISCUITS

More Taste. More Energy.





STORY OF

BUDDHA

—By Manoj Das

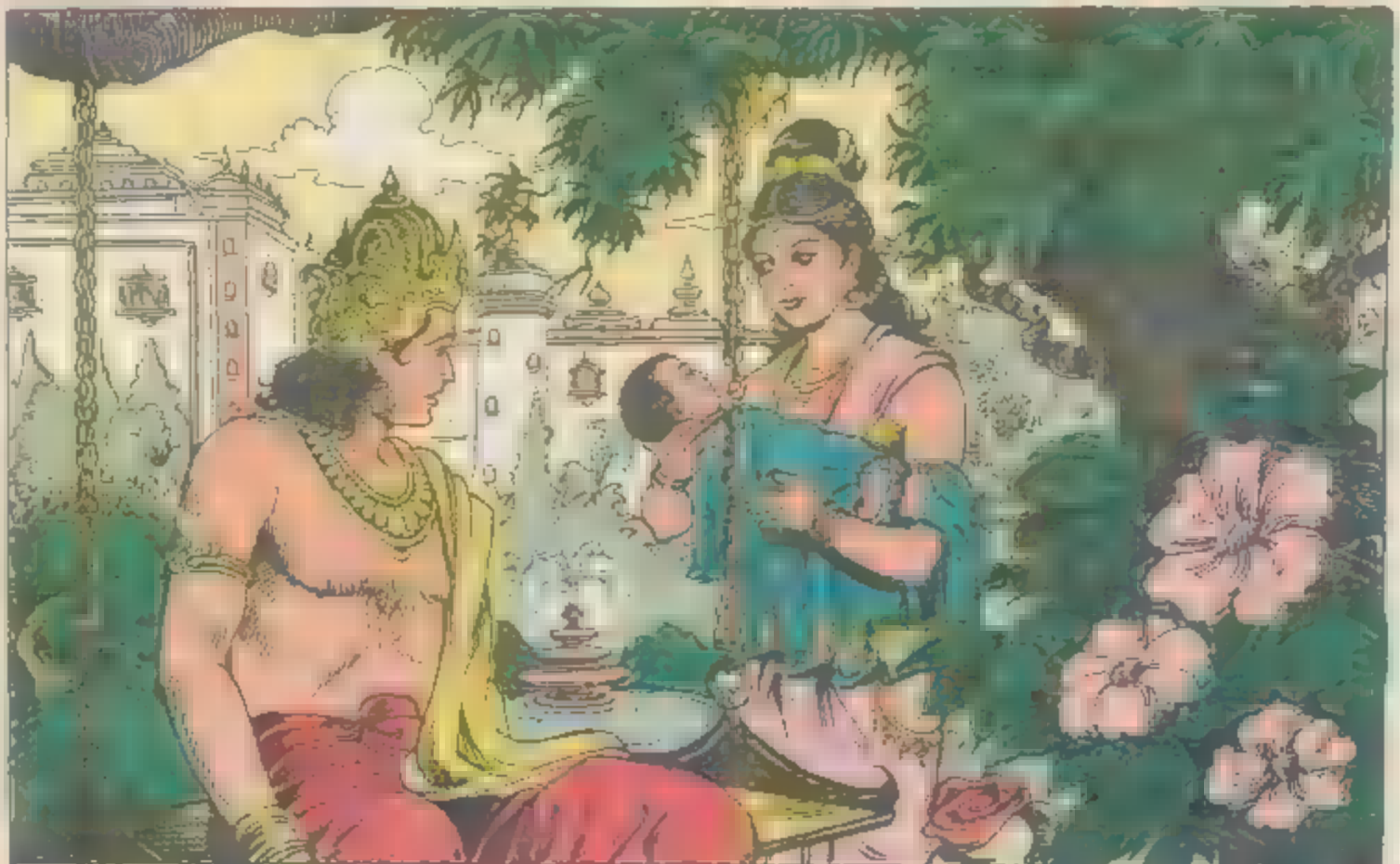
(Prince Siddhartha, though married and blessed with a son, was still kept in the dark about the sorrows and sufferings of man. It was because his father feared that he would become an ascetic if he came to know the gloomy side of life. But, one day, the prince met an old man and became very pensive.)

BITTER TRUTHS OF LIFE

King Siddhodhana was highly displeased to learn about Prince Siddhartha's encounter with an aged man. He tiptoed into the prince's apartment. The prince was not there. A maid directed his attention to the garden. Through a window, the king saw the prince seated on a bejewelled swing hanging from

a tree. He also saw that Princess Yasodhara, Siddhartha's wife, was approaching him holding their lovely son in her arms.

The king was happy to observe that the prince stood up and fondled his infant son. But the very next moment a shadow darkened the happiness on the prince's face. He withdrew his





hand with which he was stroking the child's cheeks. He looked into the face of his wife and sighed.

"What's the matter with you, my lord? Don't you feel delighted with the heavenly smile of our baby?" asked Princess Yasodhara.

"Indeed, Yasodhara, I did feel delighted!" answered the prince.

"Why then do you look ■ grave? Why do you sigh?" asked his wife.

"It is because this child will not remain ■ child forever."

"What is there to be unhappy about it, O Prince? Will it not

be ■ wonderful experience to see our child grow up day by day, learn to babble and toddle and extend his arms for our support?" asked the Princess.

"That will indeed be ■ sweet sight. But what after that?"

"He will grow up into ■ charming young man and, like his worthy father, excel all the princes in riding and wielding different weapons. His father will find for him the most beautiful princess in the world. We will marry him off to her and he will live happily ever thereafter!" said Princess Yasodhara.

"That is what will never happen. You know it better than I do, but you don't want to give a thought to it. I have woken up to the grim fact only recently. I cannot but wonder about it. This lovely little child will one day reach ■ stage when life will no longer be ■ pleasure but a burden to him. This radiant freshness will depart from his body and this glitter will fade from his eyes. My dear wife, have you ever given a thought to it?" asked Siddhartha.

"Why should ■ nurture such thoughts, my lord?" said the princess and, suppressing her

tears, kissed the child and hurriedly departed into the palace.

"You cannot ward off ■ miserable old age for your child by avoiding such thoughts, Yasodhara," mumbled the prince. Then he told as if to himself, "I must see more of this world and more of its life."

King Suddhodhana fondled his grandson for ■ while and then returned to the main palace. Then he summoned the matron of the prince's household and instructed her to see that never an hour passed without the prince being entertained to some absorbing songs or dances.

While the king was talking to the matron, Prince Siddhartha was looking for Channa, his charioteer and friend.

"What service do you require of me, my lord?" Channa who came rushing, asked.

"Let us go into the city once again. Lead me, this time, in ■ different direction," said the prince. "I do not want the people to be notified about our drive," he added.

But, of course, Channa had to inform the king about the prince's desire. The king knew that it was no more possible to



stop him from exercising his free will. All he could do was to despatch his messengers in different directions and to alert the sentries. They were to stop any aged or sickly people from walking the streets during the prince's drive.

But that resulted only in the people coming to know about the prince's programme. They crowded along the main road which the prince had to take for some distance before taking ■ diversion. And, as the chariot emerged from the palace gateway, the crowd began to applaud.

What ■ relief it was to be in the open! The prince was happy!



to ■ so many smiling and affectionate faces. He waved and smiled at them. But soon his eyes went over to what appeared like the apparition of ■ man standing at the door of ■ house, supported by a woman who was probably his mother.

"Channa, will you please stop for a moment?" said the prince. Channa pulled the reins of the horses and brought the chariot to a halt. He could instantly guess the reason for the prince's instruction.

"What has happened to that man there?" asked the prince pointing to the pale figure. "He does not seem to be aged. Yet he cannot stand by himself!"

"He is sick, my lord, beset with a disease. That has drained all strength and energy out of him. Though young, he is as good as old," answered Channa.

"Can ■ similar misfortune be-
■ others?"

"It can befall anybody, O Prince."

"Is that so? But why?"

Channa resumed driving slowly and said, "My lord, I am not wise enough to answer your question. People give many reasons. Some say that an evil eye causes diseases. The physicians say that something wrong in one's food or habits causes it. There are some who say that a disease is the result of one's own deeds or destiny."

"Channa, please take ■ back home," said the prince in a firm voice.

Channa turned the chariot.

In the evening, the king heard the report of the prince's second encounter with something unpleasant. He became gloomy, but he could not think of doing anything about it except arranging for more and more entertainments in the prince's palace.

But the prince was noticed to be growing restless. "Channa, let us go out once again," he said ■ few days later, one

evening.

Channa had to oblige. He decided to leave the city streets as soon as possible and lead the prince towards the suburbs. There was an area beautified by parks and lakes. Generally the members of the nobility frequented it in the evening.

The prince rejoiced at the serene landscape of the sunset and relished the breeze cooled by the lake. Coveys of swans were descending on the waters.

But Channa had forgotten that beyond the parks lay the cremation ground. Before Channa could turn the chariot to avoid the prince seeing a certain sight, the prince's attention had gone over to it.

"What is the meaning of this procession? Why is that man lying still on that stretcher? Where are they carrying him?" he asked Channa, his eyes fixed

■ a bier with ■ dead body.

Channa said, "My lord, what you see is the body of a man who is dead."

"What do you mean?"

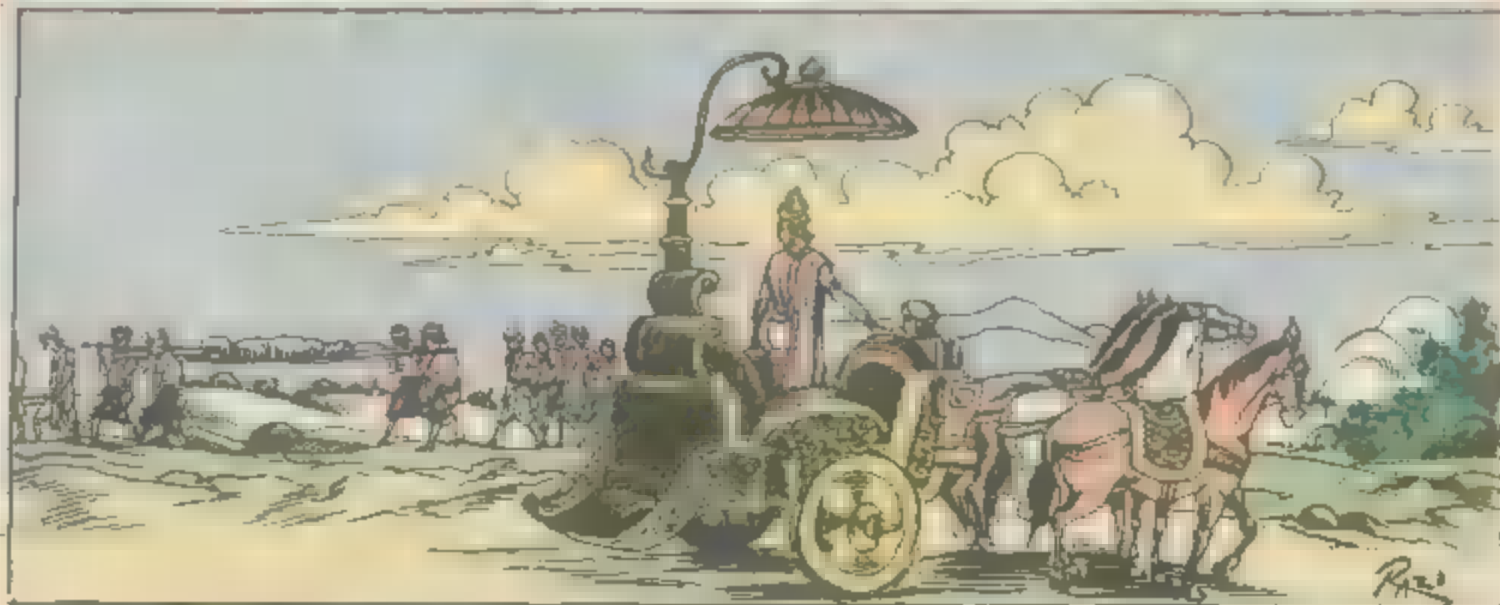
"His consciousness has departed from his body. Without the consciousness, the body is like a clod of earth. In fact, it is worse than that, for it will rot in no time. His relatives and friends are taking the body to burn it and reduce it to ashes," said Channa.

"Channa, will this happen to all of us?"

"To all, my lord. You have known what is old age and what is disease. One of these two conditions or both together will one day bring about the death of every man or woman."

"Channa, I have no more desire to roam about. Take me back home," said the pensive prince.

—To continue



DANGER AT THE DINING TABLE : CHOKING

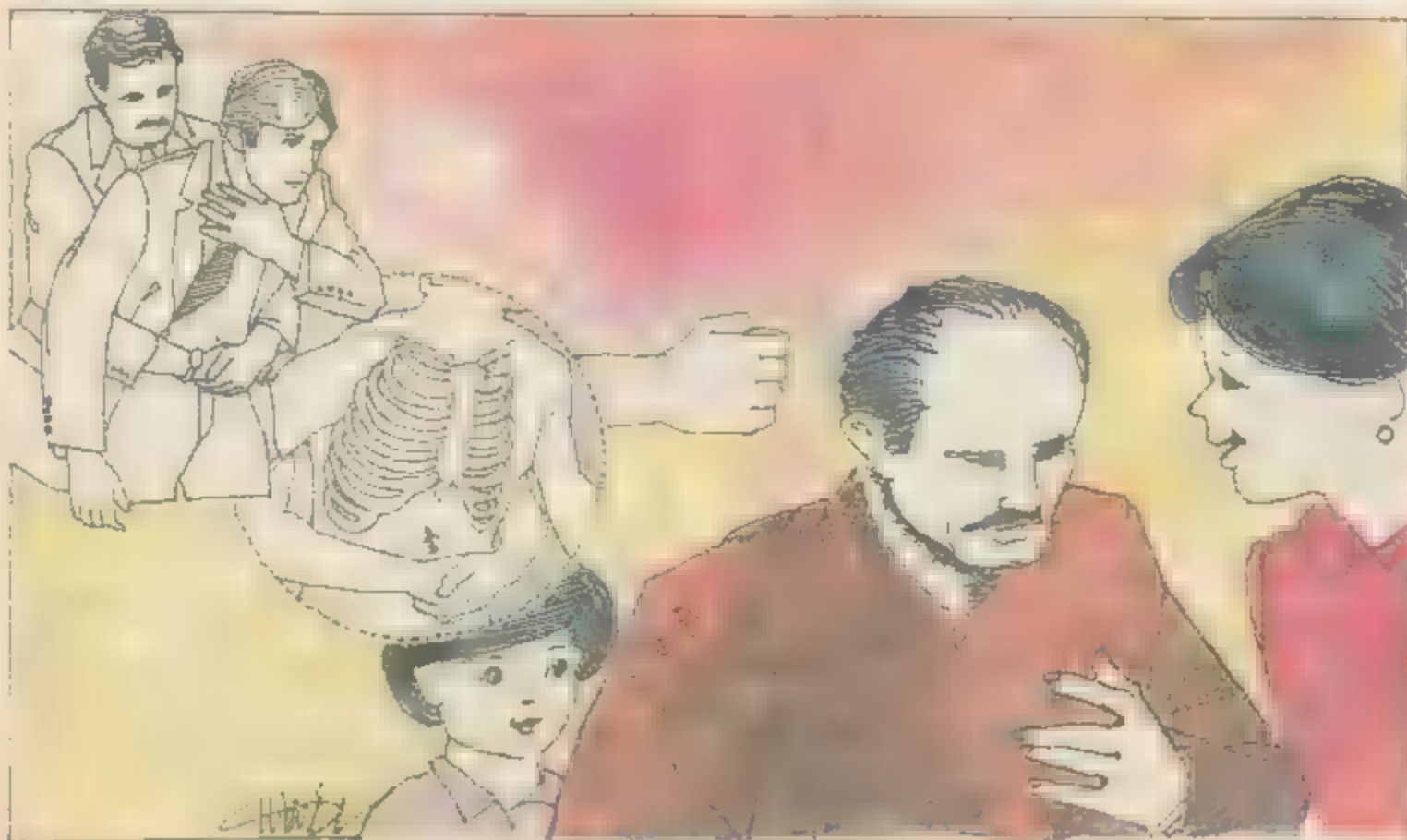
by Dr. R. Jagannath

Uncle Ram was waiting for Kumud and Vinod to finish their dinner. Soon they came and sat beside him, and Kumud said, "Uncle, today while we were eating Vinod and I were laughing at some joke. Vinod choked on his food and started to cough, but soon he was all right. Sometimes choking can be dangerous, isn't it so, Uncle?"

"Yes, it can be very dangerous sometimes," said Uncle Ram. "Do you know what happens when one chokes on his food?"

Kumud replied, "The food, instead of going into the food passage, goes into the airway."

"That's right," said Uncle Ram. "This makes the person cough so that the food particles may be coughed up from the air



passage. But if the food particles get tightly stuck in the air passage, the victim is unable to breathe and may die of suffocation in a few minutes, unless the obstruction is relieved."

Vinod asked, "How do we relieve the obstruction to the airway when someone is choking, Uncle?"

"We do that by a method shown by a doctor of the name, Henry Heimlich. The method is known as the Heimlich manoeuvre. I shall tell you an interesting and true story before I show you how to do the Heimlich's manoeuvre," said Uncle Ram.

"Warner Wolf, the newscaster for sports and Frank Field, the science editor, of the US television in New York, were taking dinner at a Restaurant one December evening in 1985. Suddenly, a piece of meat was stuck in Field's throat. He tried to swallow, but couldn't. An attempt to cough did not work either. He grabbed a glass of water with the hope of washing the meat down, but the water just dribbled out of the sides of his mouth. When he tried to alert Wolf, no sound



came out.

"Wolf, who had been concentrating on his plate, looked up to find Field standing and clutching frantically at his throat. He jumped up, got behind Field and, putting his arms around him, did the Heimlich's manoeuvre. Nothing happened. He thrust again. No luck. He tried a third time, with more force, and finally the nasty piece of meat came out of Field's airway, as his deep breath indicated.

"Afterwards, Field asked, 'How did you know what to do?' And Wolf replied, 'I saw you demonstrate it on television



years ago."

Uncle Ram paused, and Kumud was quick to plead, "Show us how to do the Heimlich's manoeuvre, Uncle."

"First make sure that the person is choking and not having some chest pain. If a person who is eating suddenly looks startled, puts his hands to his throat and cannot speak or breathe, *quickly* ask him if he is choking. If he nods his head, "Yes", apply the Heimlich's manoeuvre.

"Stand behind the victim and put your arms around his waist. Make a fist with one hand and put the thumb-side of the fist

against the victim's abdomen, above the navel and below the rib cage, in what is commonly called the pit of the stomach. Grasp your fist with the other hand and press it forcefully into the abdomen, with a quick upward thrust. Repeat until the stuck object is ejected. Do not squeeze the person with your arms. This would make the thrust not very effective and may also damage the ribs. To avoid squeezing, keep your arms bent at the elbows.

"If the choking victim is lying down, position him face up on his back and kneel astride his hips. With one of your hands on top of the other, place the heel of your bottom hand on the pit of the stomach and press with a quick upward thrust.

"If you are alone and choking, use your fist to perform the thrust on yourself, or try anything that will give a similar upward pressure at the pit of the stomach. For example, you can lean forward and press into the edge of a table or a sink or the back of a chair."

Uncle Ram went on to show the various ways in which the manoeuvre can be done, while

the children observed in rapt attention. Then he continued, "When an infant is choking, we use a modified technique. If the child can breathe, make noise or cough, it means that some air is passing through the airway. Any manoeuvre by you may interfere with this and convert the partial blockage into a total one. So watch closely, but don't interfere.

"If the choking infant is unable to breathe, cough or make a sound, place the baby face down on your forearm. With the heel of your hand, give a few firm blows on the baby's back between the shoulder blades. If this doesn't clear the airway, turn the baby on his back and place him on your thighs with the head at a lower level than his body. Using only the index

and middle fingers of one hand, give quick upward thrusts in the pit of the stomach, till the obstruction is relieved."

Uncle Ram paused to hug the children. "Well, children," he said, "my holiday is coming to an end and tomorrow I shall be leaving to rejoin my work. I hope you will remember what you have learnt on first aid."

"Of course we shall remember Uncle," said the children in a chorus. "We shall also keep in touch by regularly practising the different methods you have shown us," added Kumud.

"I am glad you children are so enthusiastic," said Uncle Ram. "For first aid is such a useful thing for everyone to know."

THE END



THE TWO THIRSTY
TRAVELLERS

Two sages were passing through a forest. They felt extremely thirsty. It happened that a small battalion of soldiers was camping in the forest. The two sages went to its captain and said, "We are thirsty. Can you give us some water to drink?"

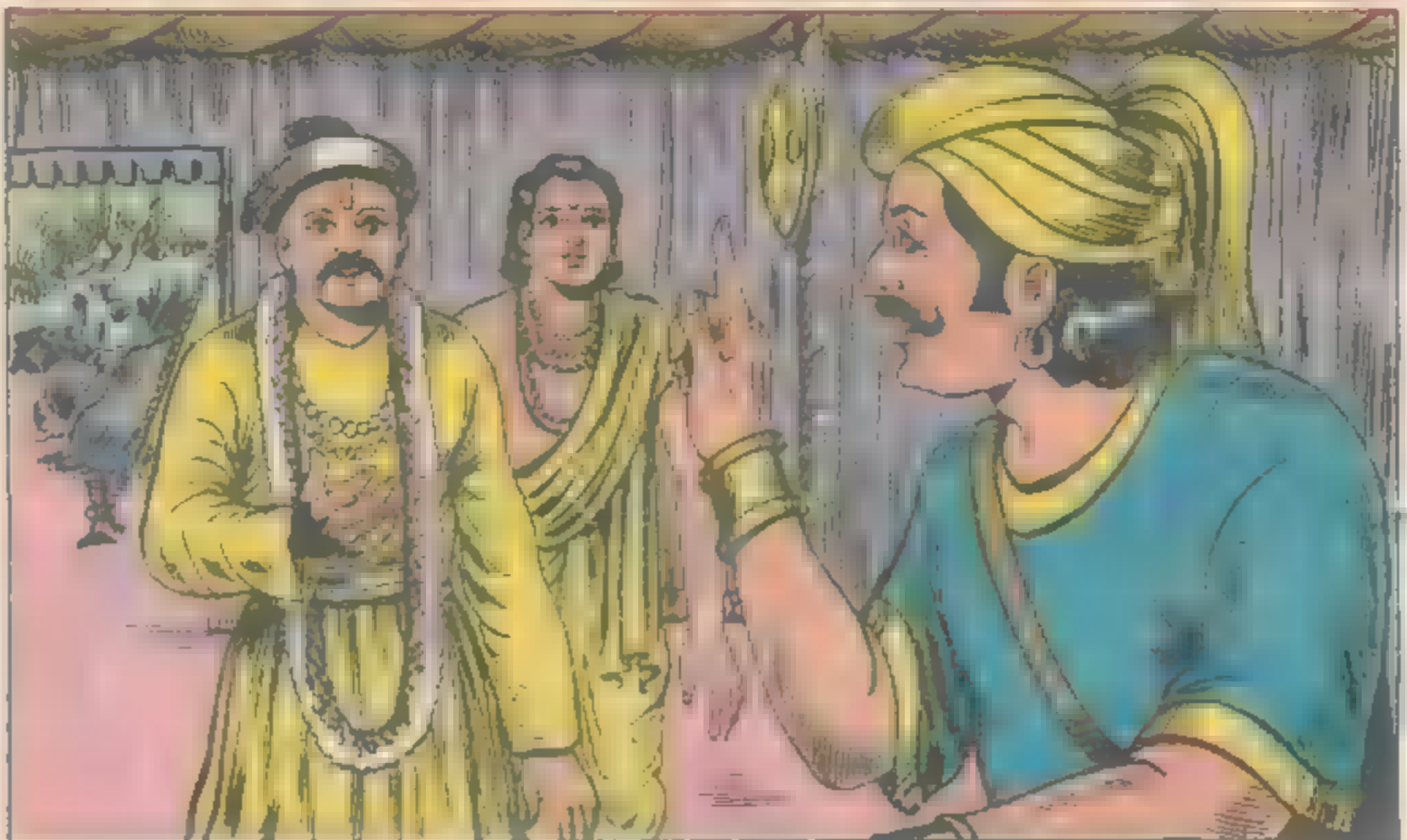
The captain had enough water with him, but he was a very proud man. What was worse, he found great pleasure in teasing or ridiculing those who professed their faith in God.

"There is a well behind that banyan tree. Go and drink to your hearts' content," said the captain in a manner as if he really wanted to help the sages.

The two sages walked up to the well and looked into it. It was a deep well and the water could be seen only at its bottom.

"For your information, we have neither a bucket nor a rope with us!" shouted the captain gleefully. He enjoyed the discomfiture of the sages.

The sages said nothing. They



sat down under the banyan tree. The captain who was camping there for its commander and had nothing much to do, kept observing them.

He saw one of the two sages fixing his gaze on a dove. A little later the dove was seen diving into the well. Then it flew out. The sage smiled at it. Then, closing his eyes, he relaxed, leaning against the tree-trunk.

An hour passed. The second sage suddenly got up and went near the well. He then made a cup out of a leaf and collected water from the well which was now full to the brim and drank.

The captain kept gazing at the

scene with disbelief. He ran towards the well and saw that something impossible had happened. The well had become full. He touched the water and found it to be real. There was an illusion about it.

"But there was only a little water at the bottom of the well a while ago!" he exclaimed.

"Maybe. The little water has become a little more water, that is all!" said the sage.

"But how?"

"If the little quantity had not surprised you, why should a bigger quantity of water surprise you? The source of the water, after all, is the same!" replied



the sage.

The captain was not convinced. "O great soul! Please tell me the truth. There was no rain during the last one hour. Nothing else has happened to fill the well. Yet, the fact is, it is full. How could this happen?" he persisted in his query. But he was much humble now.

"I have already told you the truth. But if you must know the fact, it is simple. I prayed to God to make the well full. The water level rose. That is all," answered the sage.

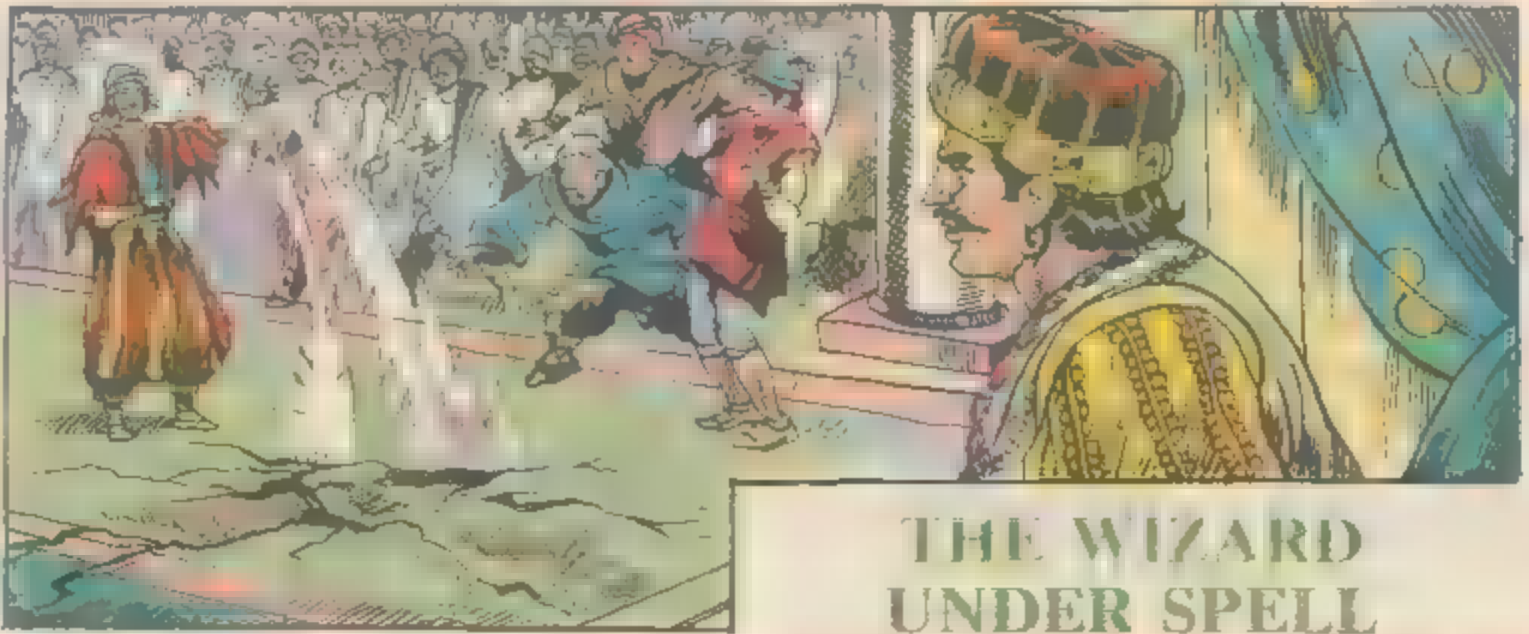
The captain was stunned. Then he asked, "What about your companion? He too was thirsty. But he did not quench

his thirst!"

"He did quench his thirst. He identified himself with a dove. The dove went down into the well and drank. That satisfied my companion for he had become one with the dove," explained Namadev.

The captain fell at the feet of the two sages. They blessed him and went away. The one who identified himself with the dove was famous as Gyanadev—one who had mastered spiritual knowledge. The sage who filled up the well with his prayer was famous as Namadev—one who recited the *Gayatri* of the Lord with absolute devotion and trust.





THE WIZARD UNDER SPELL

The queen of Vikrampur was extremely fond of magic and wizardry. The king was obliged to hold magic shows again and again. He invited magicians not only from different parts of his own kingdom, but also from all the other kingdoms of the country. Much of his time and money was spent on this.

Once he held a gala magic show where all the great magicians of the country were present. They performed miraculous feats. If one magician seemed to walk in mid-air without any support, another changed a man into a goat and vice versa. A third one beheaded a person and the head, separated from the body, seemed to talk!

The king had promised to honour the greatest of all the magicians and wizards. But how to decide who was the greatest?

Several of them looked like excellent one another!

He decided to seek the opinion of the audience. But as soon as he threw the question at them, they started shouting out different names. There was pandemonium. Suddenly one wizard named Ratanlal threw a charm and silenced them. He told the king, "My lord, the audience cannot judge who is the greatest magician. The art of magic and the power of wizardry can be evaluated only by magicians and wizards. Let each magician write secretly the magician or wizard of his choice. The one whose name is mentioned by the maximum number of magicians, will be adjudged the greatest of them all."

The king found the proposal sound. The opinion of the magicians was sought. When they wrote down their choice, it was

found that all of them had voted for Ratanlal.

The king announced that Ratanlal was the greatest magician. But one of the magicians stood up and said, "My lord, I know that I am superior to Ratanlal. Even then I voted for Ratanlal. It is because he knows ■ certain wizardry which I don't know. By that wizardry he cast a spell on ■■ for a moment and compelled me to write his name. This is not right."

"Is this true?" the king asked Ratanlal.

"True, my lord. But ■ wizard who can put all the other wizards and magicians under ■ spell is surely superior to them all!" said Ratanlal.

The king accepted his argument and honoured him. Thereafter, he asked him, "Well, you can put all else under your

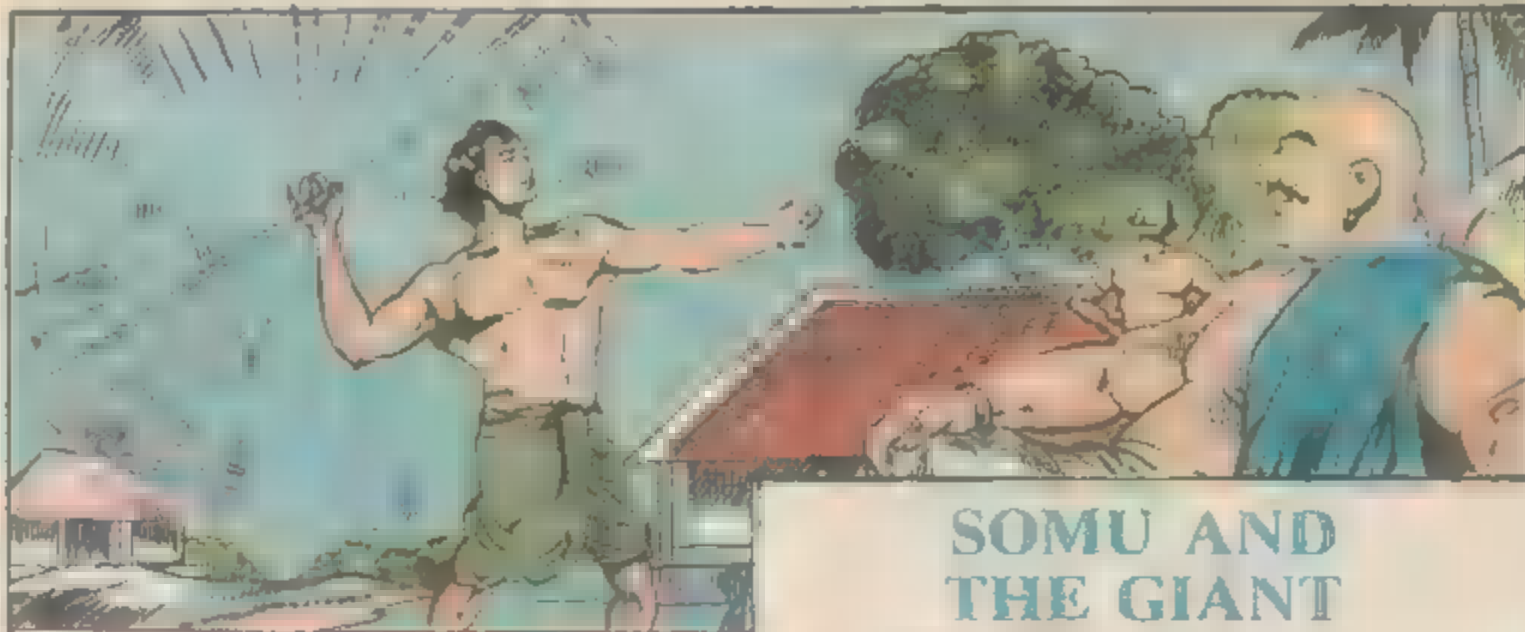
spell. Is there anybody who can put you under his or her spell?"

"There is, my lord!" said Ratanlal. Then he told the king in confidence, "It is a charming girl whom I wished to marry. She married me, but insisted that I become a greater magician than I was. ■ was under the spell of her beauty. But she is no longer that beautiful, but once a magician, I continue to be a magician! Otherwise I wanted to be ■ social worker; I dreamt of helping people in distress!" Ratanlal sighed.

The king looked grave. Was he not himself under the spell of the queen? Was he not wasting his time and money in trying to satisfy her? Was he doing his duty towards his subjects?

Thereafter the king was a different man. He gave more attention to his kingly duties than to magic.





SOMU AND THE GIANT

Somu had become an orphan right from his childhood. He was brought up by his grandmother who died when he was in his teens.

However, Ramsingh, the wrestler and lathi-player took pity on the boy. He looked upon Somu like his own son and taught him the art of lathi-play. In no time Somu proved his merit in the art. In fact, he excelled even his master in his art. When he played the lathi, the spectators felt as if a whirlwind was playing on a spot! For a while people could see neither Somu nor his lathi!

Ramsingh was a noble-hearted man. He told Somu, "I am so sorry that I cannot leave any property behind for your benefit. But be truthful and brave. In the long run such qualities will bring you fortune. Even if they don't, it matters little. The satisfaction

and contentment you will have are rewards by themselves."

Ramsingh died of old age. Somu was depressed, but he resolved to follow his advice and live a quiet life.

Although his village, Virpur, was a prosperous place, Somu found no patron who would encourage him to practise his art. Everybody enjoyed his lathi-play; he was summoned to perform during festivals or when any important guest came to the house of any merchant or the landlord. But what he received was a meal or some words of praise, nothing more than that.

One day a well-wisher told him, "The landlord's daughter is to go to her father-in-law's house. She has to pass by the forest. Lately some bandits are harassing the travellers. The landlord desires



that you should accompany his daughter's party. No doubt, he will pay you for your service."

Somu agreed to the proposal. He followed the party.

When the party was near the forest, suddenly the gang of bandits pounced on it. At once Somu began to act. The bandits had never known anything like that! Two of them lost their limbs and most of them got beatings. They ran away as fast as they had come.

All the members of the party praised Somu. The girl reached her father-in-law's house, safe. Her father-in-law, who too was a rich landlord, heard all about Somu's courage and craft. He

patted him on the back and fed him well for a day. That is all. Somu received no reward!

He hoped that the landlord of his own village will surely prove more kind to him. But he too only praised him, but when it came to paying him, he paid what he would have paid to any ordinary servant for a day.

"How am I going to feed myself at this rate? Either I forget my art or have a better deal. But what better deal can I expect here?" he wondered as he brooded over the situation all alone. He decided to move over to some other village and try his luck.

He was passing through the forest, tired and hungry, when a stranger met him. "Rest for a while. I will give you food to eat," the stranger said. Somu was happy. After he had eaten and rested, the stranger told him, "I am a member of the gang with which you fought the other day. Young man, you are strong and well-trained at fighting. Why should you not join us? You can, if luck favours you, earn in one day what you have not earned over all these years."

Somu felt tempted. He agreed to join the gang. The bandit led

him to their hiding and introduced him to the other members of the gang. All were happy to have him in their gang.

But they were disappointed with him before long. Some of them had captured a traveller. The traveller had a thousand rupees with him. As the bandits tried to strip him of his money, he wept and said, "This is all I have received by pledging my lands. I have to perform my daughter's marriage. I shall die of shock if you deprive me of this. And I don't know what will happen to my family."

The bandits laughed. "We have not yet met a traveller who does not have a tale of woe to narrate to us. Can we ply our trade if we care for such excuses?" one of them asked.

"Traveller! You can go," said Somu in a firm voice.

The bandits stood stunned. The traveller was overwhelmed with joy. He thanked Somu with tears in his eyes and left.

"Look here, young man, we did not do anything against your action because bandits respect one another. But it is clear that you are unfit to be a bandit," said an elderly bandit.



"You are right. Let me go away," said Somu. He thanked them for their kindness and went his way.

Soon he met the traveller who was groping for his way in the forest. The traveller was very happy to see him. "Tell me, young man, how could a kind-hearted person like you become a member of this gang?" he asked Somu.

Somu told him his story. The traveller said, "Come with me. After I have performed my daughter's marriage, I will lead you to the town. The king's general is known to me. I hope that he will be impressed by your lathi-play and give you a suitable



job."

They had but walked for ■ hour when they saw a strange sight. A giant had caught hold of ■ man. The traveller cried out in a suppressed tone, "My God, the man caught by the giant is none other than our king! Let us run away, young man, let us run away!"

The traveller ran away, but not Somu. He knew that the king was a just and noble ruler. He resolved to go to his rescue.

"What are you up to, you giant?" he shouted as he rushed forward.

The giant was surprised. He surveyed Somu with curiosity and

said, "You seem to be unusually brave! No human being had ever dared to challenge me for my action! At my sight the human beings faint or flee, if not die of shock!"

"That may be. But will you please answer me?" asked Somu.

"The answer is simple. I am going to eat this man. Well, I have just arrived from my own region — the land of giants. I wish to spend ■ few days in the world of men. I can tell you, I have no desire to devour more than one person ■ day," said the giant.

"In that case, please devour me. The one you hold in your grip is the king of this land— a great and noble man. All the people of this land would terribly miss him," said Somu.

The giant looked at Somu with great interest and then said, "Very well, I will eat you instead of the king. Let me tell you that your courage and your spirit of sacrifice has charmed me. Tell me, if you wish to have any of your wishes fulfilled before you die."

"Thank you. I love playing lathi. Will you let me play it for a while?" asked Somu.

"Why not!" said the giant. Somu began playing the lathi.

The giant saw it with amazement. Then he desired to learn a little of Somu's art. Somu obliged him. The giant was very happy. He then said, "Now there is no question of my devouring you, for you are my teacher. Rather I must offer you something valuable. What would you like to have?"

"I will like to have from you ■ promise. Promise that you will never eat a human being," said Somu.

The giant kept quiet for ■ moment. "Why then did I come to the world of men? But I can promise that I will never eat more than one human being a day! Will that do?" he asked.

"No. If you are ready to oblige me, you must stop eating ■ altogether," insisted Somu.

The giant thought over the problem for a moment. Then his face brightened up. He said, "Young man, come with me." He led Somu into a cave. The king also followed them.

"This treasure had been left here by my great-grandfather. Now, won't you like to have this, instead of extracting ■ promise from me?" asked the giant.

The cave dazzled with jewels of many sorts.



Somu smiled and said, "O Giant, this can hardly be ■ substitute for what I need of you!"

"You ■ wonderful indeed!" exclaimed the giant. "I will go back to my land so that I will not be required to eat human beings. But the human mind is quite fickle. Should you ever feel tempted to take possession of this wealth, just remember me. The cave will become visible to you. You will be able to take away the wealth. But I will become free to eat human beings once you do that. All right?"

"All right. But such ■ day will never come," said Somu.



The giant left the forest. The king embraced Somu. He took the young man with him to the palace. The king had no son. He announced that Somu was to marry his only daughter and succeed him to the throne.

The queen was surprised. "How can an ordinary young man marry our daughter?" she asked.

The young man is extraordinary. He is not only brave, but also far above greed. For sake of the safety of the people he can sacrifice everything. Who can be a better guardian of my subjects than this young man?" said the king.

The queen and the princess appreciated the king's decision.

THE LESSON

Father: "Well, Kishore, what did you learn in the school today?"

Kishore: The teacher taught us that while talking to our fathers and teachers we should say, 'Yes, sir' or 'No, sir'.

Father: That is what you learnt today, is it?

Kishore: Yeah!





A RAINY NIGHT

Ramdas and his wife Suravi went to a market. That was miles away from their village. On their way back home, they stopped at a friend's place for a while.

"Please spend your night in our house. You can leave for your village in the morning," said the friend. But Ramdas and Suravi were keen to resume their journey.

They took to a short-cut, but lost their way and had to roam about for an hour or so. By the time they reached the river-bank, dusk had already set in. What is more, clouds were gathering in the sky. There was no ferry boat to be seen on that part of the river.

Soon gusts of cool wind made them look for shelter. They ran towards a nearby house. That was the only house there and appeared that nobody lived in that. The door was open. They went in.

Suravi cleared a room of leaves and dust. They prepared to lie down.

It began to rain. Thunder and lightning shook the region. They were trying to shut the dilapidated window when they heard an unusual kind of laughter. In a dusky corner of the room stood the white figures. The couple could understand that they were not made of blood and flesh.

Ramdas and Suravi sweated in fear. "Why do you fear? We have no intention of harming you!" said one of the white figures. "We are only common ghosts!"

"What do you want?" Ramdas asked, gathering some courage.

"Well, it is a rainy evening, isn't it? Why not we spend some time together playing?"

"Look here. It is now over six months when we discovered an



old gold coin. But, you know, coins are of no use to us. Let me see if you can outwit us and win the coin," said a figure. He then looked at Ramdas and added, "Come on, tell us who is your wife."

To his amazement, Ramdas saw four figures before him, all looking alike and looking like Suravi. Only one was the true Suravi. But which one? He was at his wit's end. Three of the figures laughed at his predicament, but the fourth one did not. At once Ramdas pointed at the fourth one and said, "This is my wife."

"We were fools to laugh. Now let me see if our sister can tell us

who her husband is!" said one of the ghosts. Next moment Suravi saw all the three ghosts looking like Ramdas. She looked at them for a while and said, "My husband bought me an ornament from the market today. What was that? The one who can feign writing its name on his palm is my husband."

"Why writing? Will it not do if we speak out its name?" asked one of the figures.

"Stand to one side. You are a ghost," said Suravi.

The ghost laughed and changed into his original shape. The other three wrote on their palms, 'Ring'. No doubt, the ghosts, with whatever little power they had, had hit upon the right answer, but Suravi touched Ramdas and said, "This is my husband!"

The other two figures laughed and became ghosts again. "Excellent!" they exclaimed. "But how did you know?"

"It was easy. I observed you as you wrote the word. Both of you wrote the plain word. But my husband first wrote 'Aum' and then he wrote the word 'Ring'. He is in the habit of writing that sacred sign before writing anything else," explained Suravi.



The ghosts nodded. "Very good," they said, "The rain has stopped. We better go and roam about in the cool river-bank. The gold coin is buried under that broken vessel. You have to scoop away only a handful of dry clay to find it."

The three ghosts shot out of the room, through the broken window, like three little rockets. Ramdas and Suravi stood stunned. Soon they saw a light on the river. A ferry boat was bringing some

people from the opposite side of the river. They decided to cross the river by the help of that boat.

"Let us see if the ghost spoke the truth," said Ramdas. He upturned the vessel and scooped out a little earth under it. Indeed, the gold coin was there!

"It has not been a bad bargain," he said, laughing.

"But we must spend the coin for some good cause," said Suravi. "Certainly!" agreed Ramdas.

THE SOLUTION

Brother: Lily, did you sew the button on my coat?

Sister: No. I did not find any button. But you won't have to worry. I sewed up the buttonhole. You'll never need a button.



Puffer Fish



ALTHOUGH THE PUFFER FISH IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POISONOUS FISH, IT IS CONSIDERED A GREAT DELICACY IN JAPAN WHERE SPECIAL COOKS ARE EMPLOYED BY RESTAURANTS TO REMOVE THE POISONOUS PARTS. EVEN SO IT IS STILL THE MAIN CAUSE OF FOOD POISONING IN JAPAN!

30,000 EGGS!



A TERMITE QUEEN CAN PRODUCE OVER 30,000 EGGS IN ONE DAY, AND IN THE COURSE OF A LIFETIME IT IS POSSIBLE TO GIVE BIRTH TO ABOUT HALF A BILLION OFFSPRING.

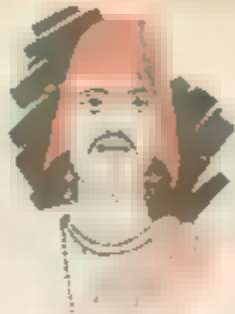


THE SAND DUNES OF THE SAHARA CAN BE AS MUCH AS 1,410 FT (430M) IN HEIGHT AND EACH CAN BE AS LONG AS 3 MILES (5KM).

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE
MONTH FROM HISTORY

SURDAS

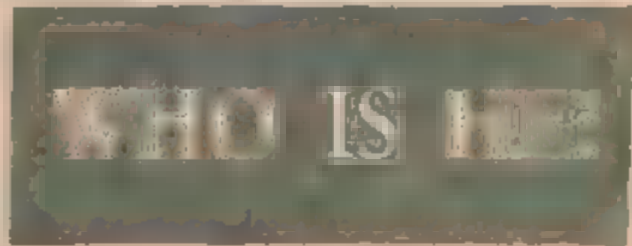


Surdas, believed to have been born on 9 December, 1484 was a great saint poet—but with a difference. He was blind. Yet the lyrics composed by

him so vividly describes Krishna and other characters and objects that it is difficult to believe that he could not see. Perhaps, he had an inner vision through which he could see.

Some claim that he was born at Runukta between Agra and Mathura. Others say that he was born at Sihi, near Delhi. One tradition says that his father was a musician in Akbar's court. Another legend describes him as a descendant of Chand Berdai, the court-poet of Prithviraj Chauhan. It is believed that his brothers went to war with some invaders and did not return. Out in search of them, Surdas fell into a well. He lay there for six days during which he meditated on Krishna and began to have wonderful experiences. He did not know how he came out of the well. Thereafter he never stopped singing the glory of Krishna. The collection of his lyrics entitled *Satsagar* contains five thousand songs. But he had written many more.

It is also said that he visited Mathura with his parents and became a disciple of the famous Saint Vallabhacharya.



The sun was setting beyond the green forests on the horizon. A peaceful evening was approaching. From fields at a little distance came the lowing of the homing cattle. All was quiet.

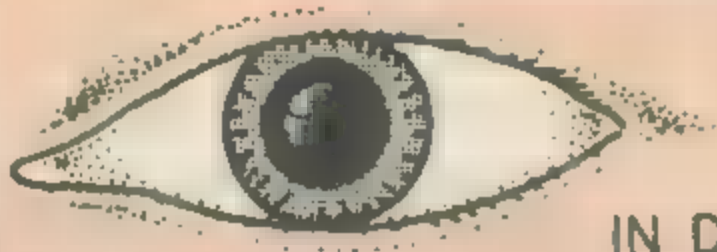
A small boy was crossing a vast stretch of paddy-fields between two villages. The river was not far away. There was a patch of cloud in the western sky reflecting the golden rays of the disappearing sun. All was beautiful, all was wonderful to the eyes of the boy. He was perhaps thankful to God for giving him the chance to feel the grandeur of His creation.

Then he saw a flock of birds flying against the cloud. The calm beauty of their flight in the quiet and charming setting brought such a great joy to the boy that he forgot himself totally. He stood there, lost to the world outside him. He was experiencing what is known as the state of *Samadhi* or trance. Later in life he was to have such experiences again and again. He emerged as a great saint.

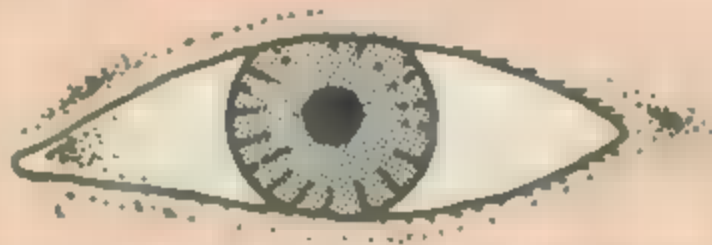
Who is he?

See Page VIII

JOYS OF SCIENCE



IN DIM LIGHT



IN BRIGHT LIGHT

EYE BEHAVIOUR

Directions:

Ask a friend to close his eyes when the light around you is fairly bright. Then after a minute or so has passed, have him open his eyes as you peer into them. Can you observe how his eyes adjust to the bright light?

What happens and why:

The pupils of your friend's eyes will appear to be fairly large shortly after he opens them, but they will become smaller as his eyes adjust to the light. This happens because the iris, which surrounds the pupil in each eye, is a narrow ring (much smaller) until the eyes have adjusted. As the eyes adjust for the bright light, the iris in each eye changes until it is much wider and covers part of the pupil. Then less pupil can be seen, and if you watch closely, you will be able to observe this automatic response of an eye to bright light.

The iris of an eye is somewhat like the diaphragm of a camera that has an automatic lens adjustment. When the light is dim, it opens to admit more light, and when the light is bright, it closes somewhat to admit less of the available light. As you may know, until the eyes adjust to a bright light, a person is temporarily blinded.

The iris of a cat's eye does the same work as the iris of a person's eye, but it doesn't shut off light in the same manner. To see how this is the case, watch how the iris changes in a cat's eye and notice that a cat's pupil has a different shape from that of a person.

Does the iris of a dog's eye change like a cat's? Why not find out!

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

(In **THE** **WORLD** Issue **W** told you about the Pyramids.)

THE GARDENS OF BABYLON

Legend says that Semiramis was an Assyrian princess of strange origin. She was the daughter of the fish-goddess Atargatis. She was fed and looked after by doves. The shepherd of the king of Syria saw her and took charge of her. In course of time she married the king and, after the king's death, ascended the throne herself. She conquered many lands. Her only regret was, she could not conquer India!

She built great monuments and made roads through difficult mountains. She is believed to have been the creator of the charming gardens at Babylon, known as the Hanging Gardens.

The gardens were built in the form of squares extending some 700 feet on each side. It rose to great height, built on terrace after terrace, supported by massive pillars. A remarkable system of watering the trees kept them always lush green.

Semiramis the historical figure, lived in the eight hundred years before Christ.

According to another account, the Hanging Gardens were built by Nebuchadnezzar, the famous king of Assyria, who belonged to the 6th century B.C.

It is said that one of his queens who came from a hilly region missed the green environment of her home. The king built the gardens to satisfy her.



THE GREAT PIL

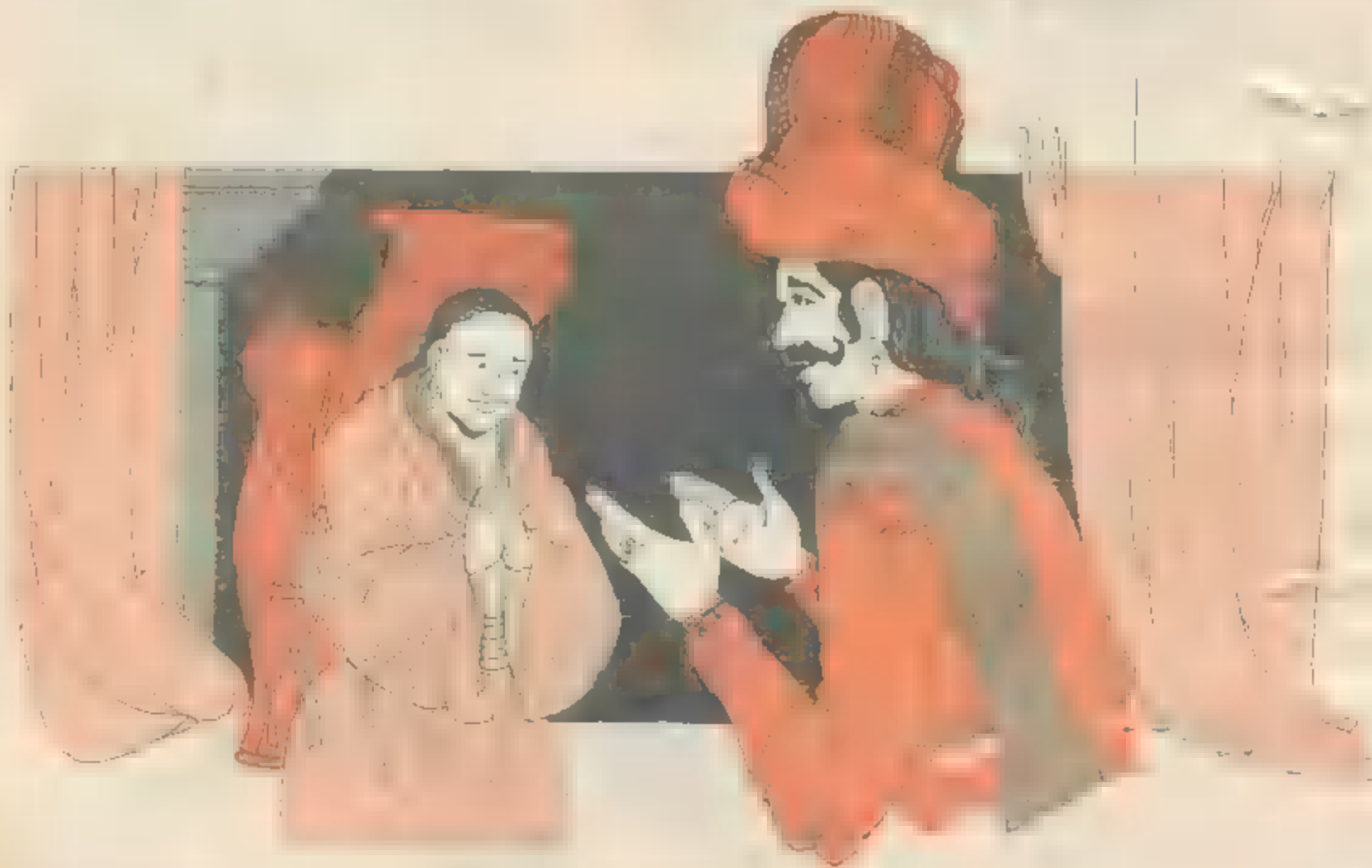
The history of the world has been constructed depending on many sources. One such vital source has been the accounts left by great travellers.

In days gone by travel was difficult and far more risky. No doubt, it was much more thrilling than it is today. People hardly travelled for pleasure or sight-seeing as many of us do today. Then there were two

basic inspirations for travel: trade or search for knowledge.

A great scholar from China came to India in the 7th century. He was Hiuen Tsang. He was a Buddhist seeker and he came here to learn more about Buddhism. He has left a vivid account of his journey and of what he saw and felt in India.

He crossed the dangerous Gobi desert, escaping death



GRIM FROM CHINA



narrowly and reached a wonderful city known as Turfan. It was then a place of great culture, marked by the influence of Sanskrit and Buddhism. (The city is still there, but no longer with such traits.)

On reaching India he was both delighted and wonder-struck; delighted to be in the land of Buddha, wonder-struck at the splendour and culture of the country. The illustrious king who ruled a vast area of India then was Harsha Vardhana.

This is what Jawaharlal Nehru writes about the great traveller in his *Glimpses of World History* :

“He was a pious Buddhist, and he came to visit the sacred places of Buddhism and to take with him the scriptures of the faith. Right across the desert of Gobi he came, visiting many a famous city on the way—Tashkand and Samarkand and Balkh and Khotan and Yarkand. All over India he travelled, perhaps even visiting Ceylon. His book is a strange and fascinating jumble of accurate observations of the countries he visited, wonderful character-sketches of people in different parts in India, which seem true even today, fantastic stories which he heard, and numerous miracle-stories of the Buddha and the Bodhisattvas....

“Many years he spent in India, especially in the great university of Nalanda, which was not far from Pataliputra. Nalanda, which was a monastery and university combined, is said to have had as many as 10,000 students and monks in residence. It was the great centre of Buddhist learning, a rival to Benares, which was the stronghold of Brahman learning.”

LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST

1. Who was the last Hindu king of Delhi?
 - a) What is the romance associated with him?
 - b) Which Hindu king became his enemy?
 - c) What happened to this enemy?
2. Which ruler of Delhi, in his death-bed, chose his daughter to succeed him?
 - a) What was this daughter's name?
 - b) Whom did she marry?
 - c) What happened to the couple?
3. Who invaded Delhi early in the 18th century and massacred 30,000 people?
 - a) Who was then the ruler of Delhi?
 - b) What is the name of the famous throne he took away?
 - c) Which other precious object did he take away and how?

Page VIII

LET US TEST OUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. In 1988 a Railway Station Building in India celebrated its centenary. What is its name? Why was it so named?
2. 'Hemlock' is ■ drink that was given to ■ great Western Savant. Who was he? What effect the drink had on him?
3. What was the name of Ghana before it became independent?
4. What is the name of the land which in political terms is known as Nationalist China?
5. Which are the countries known as the Benelux countries?
6. How far from earth is the moon?
7. What in modern vocabulary means the Cosmic Year?
8. Which is the biggest country in the world?
9. Which is the smallest independent territory in the world?
10. What is ■ galaxy?

See Page VIII



1. Who is the great ancient Sanskrit dramatist whose lost works were discovered in 1912?
 - a) Who discovered them and where?
 - b) How many are they?
2. Who is the little boy who asked Yama to explain the mystery of death?
 - a) Where is the story found?
 - b) What is the meaning of the term by which the book is known?
3. Which are the two most famous versions of Valmiki's Ramayana?
4. Who is the ancient king who figures in a most popular bunch of stories?
 - a) What is the of the bunch?
 - b) What is the source of the bunch?

See Page VIII

LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL THE INDIAN LANGUAGES

Assamese: *Manuha*; Bengali: *Manus*; English: *Man*; Gujarati: *Manas*; Hindi: *Admi*; Kannada: *Manushya*; Kashmiri: *Mahanyu*; Malayalam: *Manusyan*; Marathi: *Manus*; Oriya: *Manisa*; Punjabi: *Manukh*; Sanskrit: *Manava*; Sindhi: *Manhun*; Tamil: *Manidan*; Telugu: *Manishi*; Urdu: *Admi*.

DO YOU BELIEVE

1. That the whole of the Ramayana was written by Valmiki?
2. That Frankenstein was a monster?
3. That the dinosaurs were the biggest of all creatures on the earth?

OH NO!

1. The *Uttara Kanda* or the Postscript Canto of the great epic narrating Sita's exile was written by some other poet. Its style is different. No doubt the poet to write this was a great poet.
2. Frankenstein, in the novel of the same name by Mary Shelley, is a kind of research scholar. He put limbs of dead bodies together and managed to bring the new body to life. It became a monster and killed its creator. But in course of time Frankenstein came to mean the monster.
3. The biggest creature still goes strong—the Blue Whale—which can be as long as thirty metres and weigh 175 tons.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, known as Gadadhar in his early life.

ON HISTORY

1. Prithviraj Chauhan.
(a) His marriage with Samyukta, who rode away with him from the midst of her Swayamvar.
(b) Jaichandra the king of Kanauj and Samyukta's father.
(c) Jaichandra conspired with Muhammad Ghorī and inspired the latter to attack Delhi. Ghorī was defeated by Prithviraj, taken prisoner and then released. The humiliated Ghorī attacked Delhi again in 1192 and defeated Prithviraj and killed him. But Ghorī killed Jaichandra the next year and captured Kanauj.
2. Iltutmish.
(a) Raziya Sultana.
(b) The nobles revolted against her under the leadership of Altuniya. In a dramatic bid, Raziya tried to win Altu-

niya's love and succeeded in it and married him.

(c) Both were killed by the rebel nobles.

3. Nadir Shah of Persia.

(a) Muhammad Shah of the Mughal dynasty.

(b) The Peacock Throne.

(c) The Koh-i-noor diamond. The Mughal king had kept it hidden in his turban. Nadir Shah proposed an exchange of turbans and thereby took possession of the invaluable gem.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. Victoria Terminus. It was built to commemorate the Golden Jubilee Celebration of Queen Victoria.
2. The savant was Socrates. Hemlock was a poisonous drink and he was condemned to drink it to death.
3. Gold Coast.
4. Taiwan or Formosa.
5. Belgium, Netherlands and Luxembourg.
6. 238,855 miles.
7. It takes the sun 250 million years at an average speed

of about 250 km per second, to go round the centre of our galaxy. This period is called the Cosmic year.

8. The U.S.S.R.

9. The Vatican City.

10. Huge Congregations of stars held together by force of gravity.

LITERATURE

1. Bhasa, belonging to 6th or 5th century B.C.

(a) Pandit Ganapati Sastri discovered them in Kerala.

(b) Thirteen.

2. Nachiketa.

(a) In one of the Upanishads.

(b) Upanishad literally means "to sit close". The inner meaning is, the lessons were imparted to such disciples who had the capacity to come close to the master.

3. The Ramayana by Kamban in Tamil and Sri Ramacharitamānas by Tulsidas in Hindi.

4. King Vikramaditya.

(a) Vetālapanchavimśati.

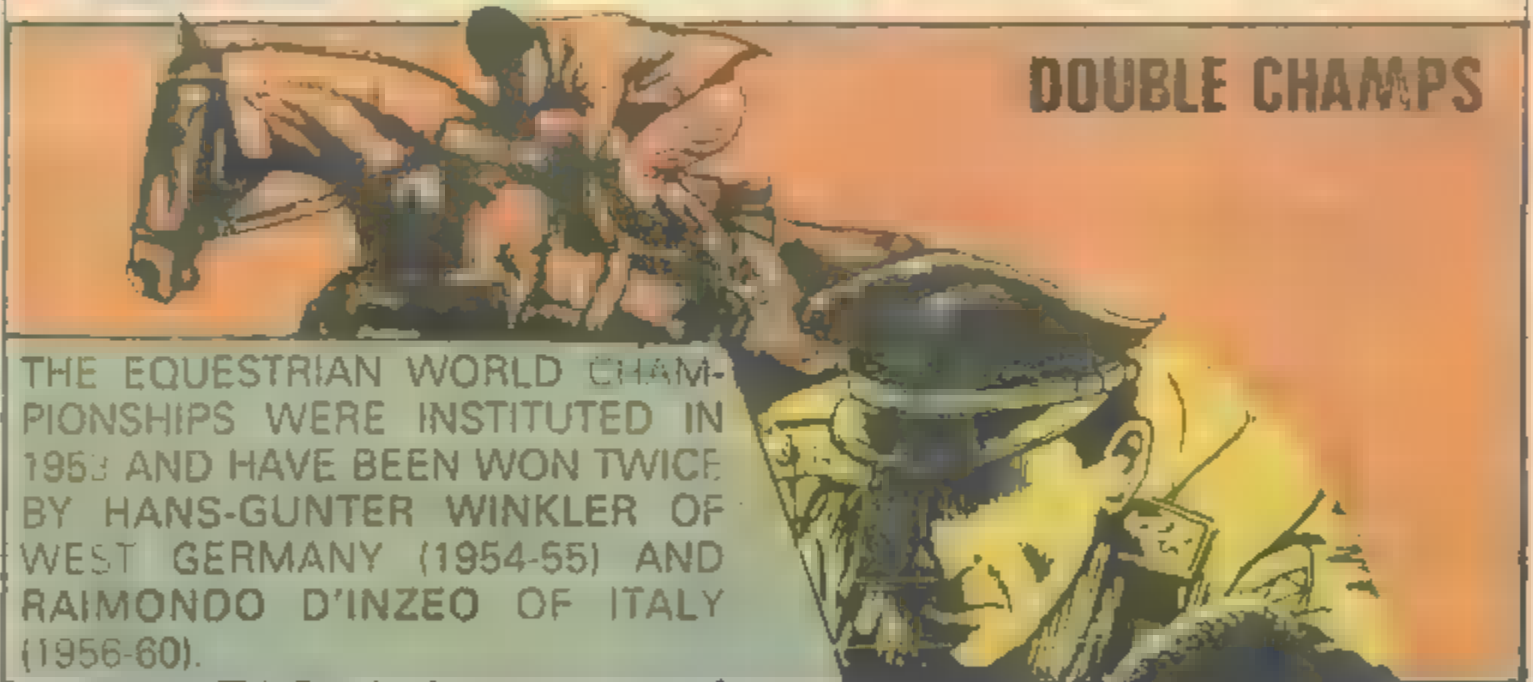
(b) Kathasaritsagara.

OLDEST...



THE OLDEST WORLD RECORD BREAKER WAS DANA ZATPEK OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA. AT THE AGE OF 35 YEARS AND 255 DAYS SHE BROKE THE WOMEN'S JAVELIN RECORD WITH A THROW OF 182 FT, 10 IN (55,73M). DANA'S HUSBAND WAS EMIL ZATPEK, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT RUNNERS AND THREE TIMES OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALLIST.

DOUBLE CHAMPS



THE EQUESTRIAN WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS WERE INSTITUTED IN 1953 AND HAVE BEEN WON TWICE BY HANS-GUNTER WINKLER OF WEST GERMANY (1954-55) AND RAIMONDO D'INZEO OF ITALY (1956-60).

LONGEST REIGN

THE LONGEST REIGN BY A HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION WAS BY AMERICAN JOE LOUIS -- 11 YEARS AND 8 MONTHS, FROM JUNE 1937 UNTIL MARCH 1949.



THE FIRST ADVENTURE

The times were hard. Gopu, the young man, found it very difficult to earn a living.

One day he met his old teacher, Ramdas, on the road. "What are you doing now-a-days, Gopu?" asked Ramdas.

"Nothing. But soon I'm going to do something which will help me earn," Gopu said confidently.

"Gopu, what is it that you propose to do?" asked the old teacher.

"I'm going to become a thief.

Stealing is an easy way to be happy," replied Gopu.

The teacher laughed. "Gopu! No thief of any sort can ever be happy. Black-marketeers, food-adulterators, bribe-takers are thieves of different kinds. But I can assure you that none of them is happy. But that is a different matter. You are not the stuff of which thieves are made!" said the teacher.

"Why? What is wrong with me?" demanded Gopu.

"Nothing is wrong with you;



rather much is right with you. You cannot be a thief because you are incapable of hiding anything—least of all your temper. Also, you speak too much,” pointed out the teacher.

“But, sir, I can turn as dumb as a rock if the situation would so demand!” said Gopu. He then shook his head and said, “Nothing will make me change my mind, sir! I’ve resolved to become a thief.”

The teacher thought over the situation for a moment. “Very well, Gopu,” he said. “At the northern end of the town there are two banyan trees. Between the two trees is to be seen a small house. I know the couple living in it. They have the bad habit of keeping their doors open at night. And, both the husband and wife sleep like logs. If you can steal from that house tonight without uttering a single word, you’ll pass the test.”

Gopu was excited, “I’ll show how stealthily I can do the job—and how silently!” he boasted.

It was not difficult for Gopu to locate the small house between the two banyan trees. He praised, silently, the power of



observation of his teacher. Ramdas, when he found the doors of the house wide open.

He peeped into the house. He saw one of the couple asleep on a rope-cot. The other one lay in a corner of the house. Through the window a little moonlight focused on the floor. Ramu could see the interior of the house reasonably well.

But there was nothing in the house. He thrust his hand into the different corners but the hand always returned empty. He tried to remove the tattered shawl under which the person, on the cot slept, but found its edges tucked under the person's

legs and sides. He was afraid of waking up the person.

He was going to utter an oath, but restrained himself. He reminded himself how important it was for a thief to keep quiet.

Just as he would leave the room, his eyes fell on a heavy stone-vessel close to the door. He had not seen it earlier because it was shaded by the door. He threw his hand into it and was happy that it contained rice. A thief should not go back totally empty-handed on his very first adventure. He decided to carry the rice away.

But how to do it? The vessel was too heavy for him to lift. He had not brought a bag with him.

An idea struck his mind and he praised himself for it. He took off his own shirt and spread it on the floor. Then he turned to the vessel to take out its content.

Alas! When he looked for his shirt to keep the rice on it, the shirt was gone! He stood stunned. "Damn it!" he muttered.

That woke up the person lying on the floor. She sat up and called out for her husband, "I think there is a thief!"

"No, no. There cannot be a thief in our house," said the man on the cot.

"No thief? Then, pray, who took away my shirt?" screamed the disgusted Gopu.

"There you are, my son," said Ramdas, sitting up. "Do you now realise the truth of what I had said?" he added laughing.

Gopu stood, his head hung. Ramdas patted him on the back and said, "Let the day break out. I will lead you to a friend who has promised a job for you."





NEW TALES OF AND THE VAMPIRE

WAS THE PRINCESS RETIRED?

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. The trees swayed and their branches were in turmoil due to the violent wind. At the intervals of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of ghosts. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began walking with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the spirit that possessed the corpse said: "O King, your deeds at this unearthly hour show how brave you are. But what inspiration do you have behind such actions? Often we find people doing things for which there is no justification. Results of such actions may or may not be good. Let me explain my point through an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief!"



The vampire went on: This happened at a time when the kingdom of Mohismati was being ruled by King Pramod Verma. The king's only child, a girl, was named Sushree. She was a kind-hearted and intelligent princess. All those who knew her loved and respected her.

One day the king told his minister, "Is it not time for us to look for a suitable match for our daughter?"

"It is, my lord," said the minister. "In fact, my thoughts are already in it. We have to remember that the one to marry the princess will also be the one to succeed you to the throne!"

"That's right, my wise

minister," said the king.

The news of the king and the minister looking for an eligible match for the princess spread among those who were close to the palace. Prabir, the minister's son, also heard it. He felt depressed. He and the princess played together in their childhood. It was no longer possible for Prabir to meet the princess frequently now that she was a grown-up girl. But Prabir could not get over his attachment to her.

One evening the princess, accompanied by her maids, paid a visit to a park outside the town. Suddenly she found herself face to face with Prabir there. She was happy.

Prabir greeted her and said, "Ours is not a chance meeting. I knew you were visiting the park. That is why I am here. I have something to tell you."

The princess signalled her maids to move away. The two sat down. But Prabir said nothing.

"Did you take the trouble of coming here only to sit in silence?" asked the princess laughing.

"No. Speak I must. Well, is it true that the king is planning your marriage?" asked Prabir.

"Yes. I heard that he will con-

vene a swayamvara for me. But his plans are going to be shattered before long," replied the princess.

"What do you mean?" asked Prabir, quite surprised.

The princess kept quiet for a moment. Then she said, "Let me reveal to you a secret. I do not know what you intended to tell me. But once you hear my story, it is possible that you will lose your enthusiasm to tell me whatever you desired to tell me."

Prabir looked at her with great curiosity. The princess came out with her story:

"My father was quite young when the king of Mallipur proposed his daughter Sukanti's marriage with him. My father's father, who was then the king, ■■■ Sukanti and liked her. My father too was charmed to see ■ portrait of hers. The marriage took place. But my father felt disappointed. It was because although Sukanti was beautiful, she was extremely mean and unkind. My father was disgusted. But Princess Sukanti was incapable of appreciating his mind.

"Father duly ascended the throne after my grandfather's death. One day he went into a forest for hunting. In his zeal for pursuing a certain animal, he



became separated from his bodyguards. Suddenly he found himself face to face with ■ lion. The beast attacked his horse. The king reacted by shooting his arrow at the lion and then fought the ferocious beast with his sword. Soon my father's horse and the lion died. But my father was slightly wounded.

"My father was thirsty. He walked towards a river, but was so tired that he could not reach it. He almost collapsed under a tree. A young lady, the daughter of a hermit, who was returning from the river carrying a pitcher gave him water to drink and helped him to walk up to her father's hut. She applied some herbs to



the king's wound and entertained him to milk and fruits. The king was charmed by the behaviour of the girl whose name was Kumudini.

"The king met the hermit and expressed his desire to marry Kumudini. The hermit had no objection to it. Meanwhile the king's bodyguards reached the place. The king married Kumudini in a brief ceremony and returned to the palace with her.

"The king, however, did not show any negligence towards Sukanti. Kumudini too was sincere in showing her respect to Sukanti. But Sukanti hated her and wished to harm her in every possible way. If she did not suc-

ceed, it was because all the maids and inmates of the palace loved Kumudini.

"Sukanti had an old faithful maid named Leelawati. "Leelawati, you must do something to discredit Kumudini so that the king will drive her out," she told her again and again. "We will do the needful at an opportune time," Leelawati used to reply.

The two queens gave birth to two daughters. There was only a day's interval between the two events. The king was away in the frontier. Unfortunately, Kumudini died soon after her delivery. Sukanti was happy. She called Leelawati and whispered to her, "You must despatch her daughter too!" Leelawati nodded with a twinkle in her eyes.

The queen perhaps desired Leelawati to kill the infant. But Leelawati did something strange. She brought Kumudini's daughter and laid her near Sukanti while the queen was asleep. She carried Sukanti's daughter to a poor couple's house."

Princess Sushree stopped and smiled. Prabir who listened to her with rapt attention, asked, "Then?"

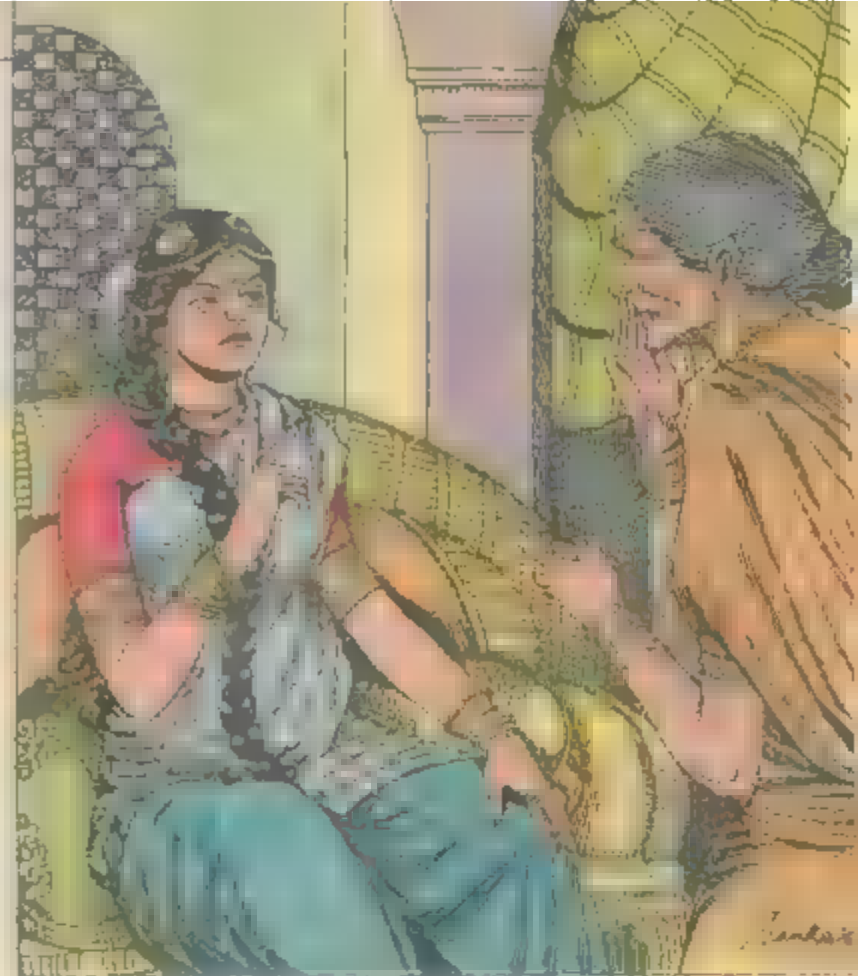
"I have just learnt that I am not

the daughter of Queen Sukanti. Leelawati confided the truth to me. She is quite advanced in age. She wishes to reveal the truth to Queen Sukanti before her death. But she is hesitant to do so because she fears that Sukanti may cause me harm. Sukanti is the chief queen. Since the king has no son, the one to marry Sukanti's daughter is to become the crown-prince. I too want that the truth must be known. The only question is how to reveal it without creating chaos and confusion," said the princess. A sad smile played on her lips. Then, lowering her voice, she said, "Now that you know the truth, I think you will think twice before telling me what you wanted to tell."

Prabir stood up. "O Princess, you may now roam about in the park for a while. I thank you and take leave of you."

After Prabir left, the princess sighed and resumed her stroll in the park. Then she returned to the palace with her maids.

Next day a hermit appeared in front of the queen's apartment inside the palace. The queen's maid knew that no stranger can enter the inner area of the palace without the king's knowledge. They took it for granted that the



hermit was an important guest. They informed the queen. Queen Sukanti received the hermit with respect.

The queen drew the hermit's attention to the princess and said, "O holy man, this daughter of mine is to be shortly married. Bless her so that she gets a good husband."

The hermit cast a piercing look at the princess. "O Queen, why do you call her your daughter? She is not your daughter!" he said.

The queen and her maids were stunned. The princess gazed at the hermit. A faint smile was noticed on her lips.

"What makes you say so, holy man?" asked the queen.



The hermit, who was none other than Prabir in disguise, narrated all that he had heard from the princess. The queen summoned Leelawati. The old maid was in tears. She said, "How can I deny what the hermit has revealed through his insight?"

The hermit said again, "O Queen, I must tell you that it is the good luck of Princess Sushree which has protected you. It is her love for you that has saved you from death. You should not feel disturbed over what has happened. You should rather be thankful to Leelawati and Sushree."

Following the direction given by Leelawati, the queen's maids located the house of the poor man

where the other princess lived. She looked like Queen Sukanti. The king was informed of all that had happened. The king and the queen received their lost daughter with great love. The king arranged for her marriage through a swayamvara.

After that Prabir met the king and said, "My lord, I wish to beg something of you."

"What is it, my son?" asked the king. He used to regard Prabir with great affection.

"My lord, will you let me marry Princess Sushree?" he asked with humility.

"My boy, I have no objection to it. But I don't know Sushree's mind. She may desire to marry someone of her choice through a swayamvara!" said the king.

"Pardon me, my lord, but I know that Princess Sushree will like to marry me," said Prabir.

"Is that so?" said the king. He went into the apartment of Sushree and asked her opinion on Prabir's proposal.

The princess blushed and smiled. The king understood that Prabir was not wrong. He married her to Prabir.

The vampire paused and then demanded of King Vikram in a stern voice, "O King, I have a few

doubts relating to the whole episode. Princess Sushree had told certain things to Prabir in confidence. How could Prabir, disguised ■ ■ hermit, make them public? How did he come to the conclusion that Princess Sushree had no objection to marrying him? Sushree had never said anything to him for him to come to such ■ conclusion! Answer me if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith replied King Vikram: "Prabir was an intelligent and courageous lad. He knew that the queen will come to know the truth sooner or later, since the old Leelawati was thinking of revealing everything. The vengeful queen might harm Sushree. But if the truth is revealed openly when others are present, the queen will

not dare to harm Sushree. That is why he announced what he knew. What is more, he told the queen that her good luck depended on Sushree. Thereby he made sure that the queen will not harm Sushree.

"Sushree would not have revealed the truth to Prabir unless she was willing to marry him. She wanted to test Prabir's love for her. If Prabir's eye was on the throne, he would no longer wish to marry Princess Sushree, for the one to get the throne will be the husband of the other princess. But Prabir wanted Sushree and not the throne. Once it was proved, the princess knew that Prabir really loved her. She conveyed her readiness to marry him through her silence."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



THE PERFECT MATCH

In days gone by the Chinese boys and girls were married when they were very young.

In a certain village lived a landlord who was not a bad man, but who thought himself wiser than all the others in the village. His wife too highly valued her own judgement and opinion, but, of course, she was sure that her husband was cleverer and wiser than she was.

They had a daughter one year old. A matchmaker met the landlord and his wife and proposed the baby girl's marriage with the son of the landlord of the next village. The would-be bridegroom was two.

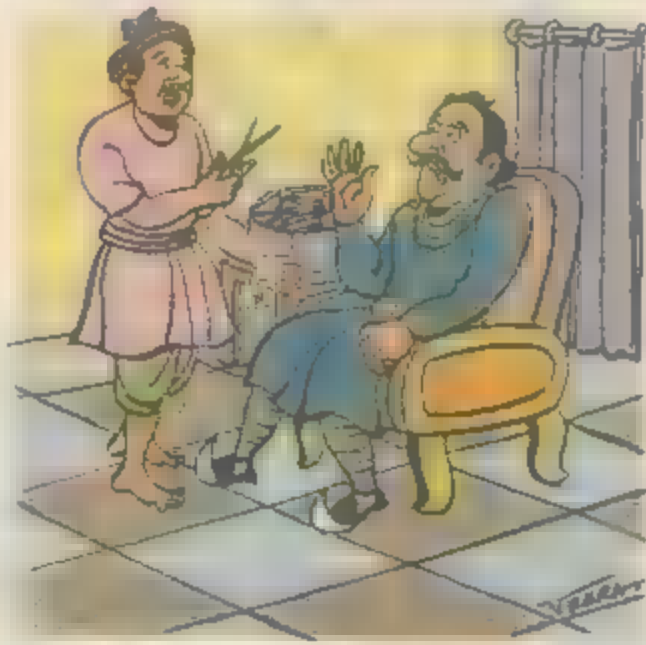
"What!" exclaimed the landlord's wife angrily. "You are an experienced matchmaker. How do you fail to see that this is not a perfect match? My daughter is one year old and the boy is twice her age. That means, if the boy lived to reach a hundred—and let God grant it—my daughter would by that time be only fifty!"

"It is not like that, my dear wife," said her husband, smiling wisely. "Our daughter is just one year old now. By next year she would be two. In other words, she would have caught up with the boy's age. It will be a perfect match!"

The landlord's wife lowered her head. "Yes, my respected husband; I see the point now," she said.

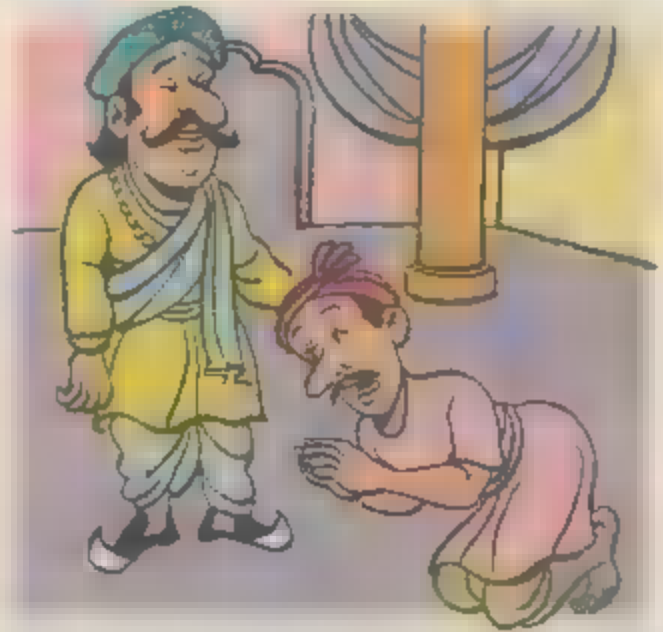


THE FACE IN THE MORNING



One day, while Raja Krishnachandra was having a haircut, the barber's scissors cut a little of his skin on the scalp. The Raja became very angry.

He announced that the barber must lose his head. The barber ran to the minister. "Save me from death and I will be your slave!" he said.

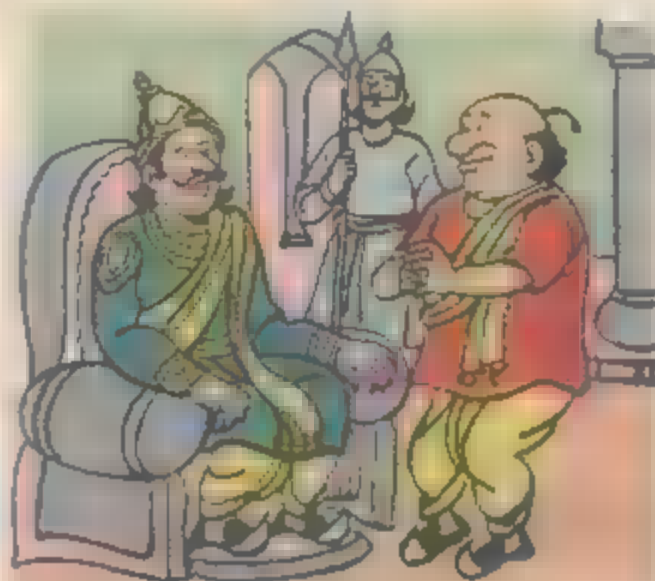
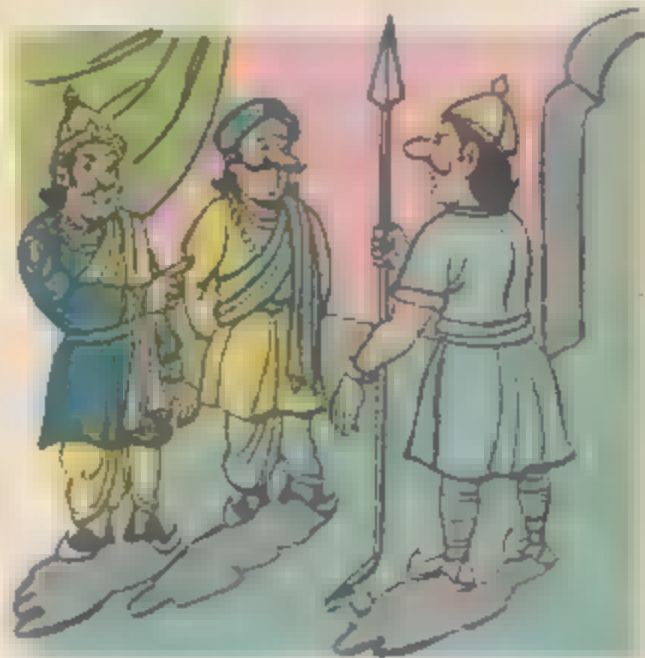


The minister had a grudge against Gopal. He ran to the Raja and said, "My lord, it is not the barber's fault. The fellow whose face you saw first in the morning is to blame."

The minister knew that in the morning, as the Raja looked to the street from his bedroom; he had seen Gopal Bhand who had just come out of his lodge in front of the palace.



"You are wise. Let us behead Gopal. Summon him forthwith!" the Raja shouted out his order.



Gopal Bhand came and heard the Raja's decision. "My lord, you must grant my last wish. I shall leave a scrap of paper with you. Please read out the content to the crowd after I'm beheaded!"

Soon Gopal handed over the paper to the Raja. The Raja read it privately: "The Raja had a little cut on his head because he saw me in the morning but I'm losing my whole head because I saw him. Beware, O people!"



The Raja called Gopal Bhand and said, "Well, Gopal, I've changed my mind. I will like your precious head to be intact!" He laughed.



THE LANDLORD'S PROMISE

Phuleswar was a village which celebrated the car festival of the Lord every year. And the wealthy landlord of the nearby village, Navin Roy, never failed to be present for the occasion.

The landlord came dressed in silken clothes and sporting a gold chain and a diamond-studded ring. The village chief offered him a chair on the roadside. His humble servant, Pitambar, stood behind him holding an umbrella over his head.

The landlord spoke wisely to the respectable people of the locality and said from time to time, "As I see, the people coming from far and near have no shelter to protect themselves

from severe sun or rain. I must build a rest-house for them."

"No wonder that a kind-hearted landlord like you would think of the difficulty of the common man," his listener would say. The landlord would smile.

Time passed. Every year the landlord, Navin Roy, would announce his intention to build a rest-house and the people would praise him. The matter rested there.

His servant, Pitambar, who had grown old and was ailing for sometime, died. When the time for the car festival came, the landlord came to Phuleswar as usual. But he was surprised to hear a comment again and again,

made by different people who greeted him. "How lucky you were to have a servant like Pitambar!"

Some other people said, "He was a small man, but what a big heart he had!"

The landlord was puzzled. By and by he learnt what had happened. A few months before his death, Pitambar met the chief priest of the temple and said, "Sir, I am a poor man. But I have been able to save a little money through my work over the years. Kindly use the money to dig a well near the temple. Many people who come to witness the car festival look for drinking water. The well will help them quench their thirst."

His wish had been honoured. The villagers had dug a deep well near the temple. The youths of the

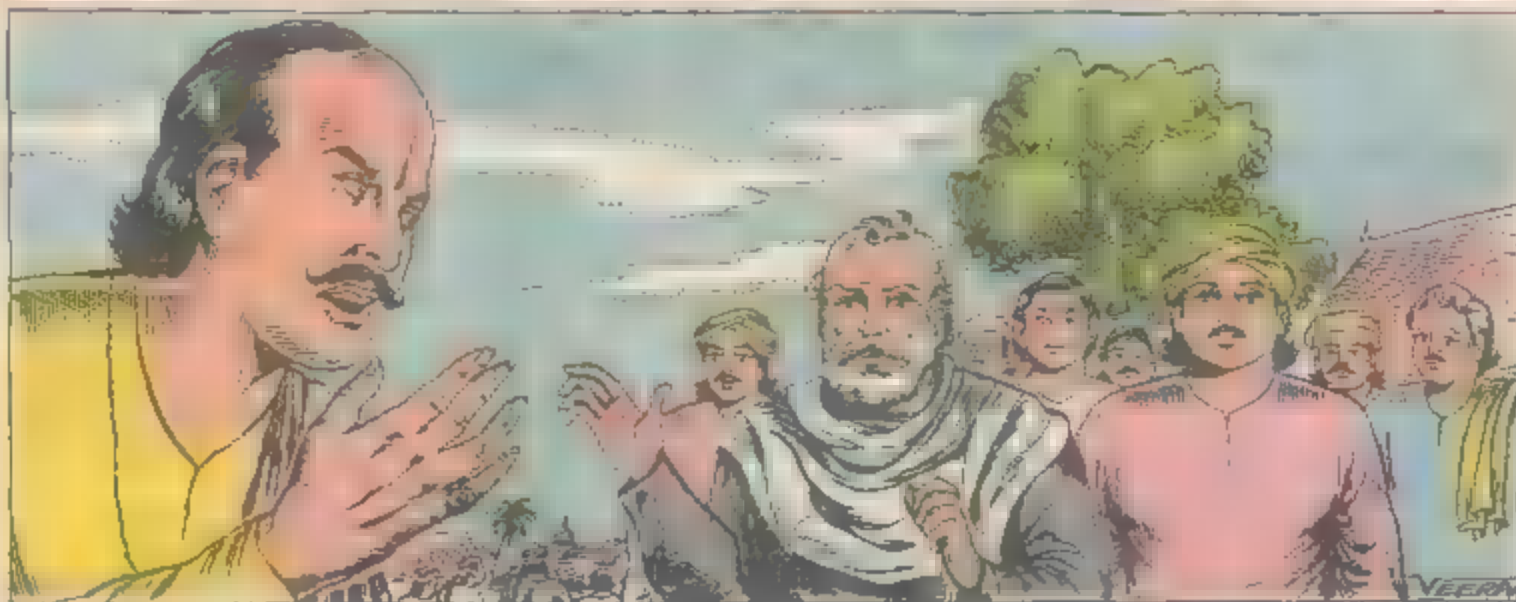
village volunteered to draw water and distribute it among the thirsty.

As the landlord heard the praise of his servant, he said again and again, "But I propose to build a spacious shelter for the pilgrims!"

Nobody showed any interest in his promise. But the people went on praising his servant. He got annoyed and said, "Gentlemen, why are you so overwhelmed with me? Didn't I say that I will give you a spacious house?"

Nobody said anything, but an elderly man smiled and said, "Sir, can anybody satisfy his hunger by looking at a picture of food?"

The landlord realised his folly. Instead of making any tall promises, he now gave his attention to really building the proposed shelter.





SAGA OF NEHRU (2)

Jawaharlal was ten years of age when his parents changed over to a new and much bigger house which was named Anand Bhawan—the House of Joy. Jawaharlal was full of excitement and went on exploring the mansion and the land around it.

Jawaharlal wished to have a brother or a sister to play with. At last came the day. A doctor informed him that he had a sister and, luckily for him, not a brother who would share his property. Jawaharlal was angry that the doctor should think him selfish!

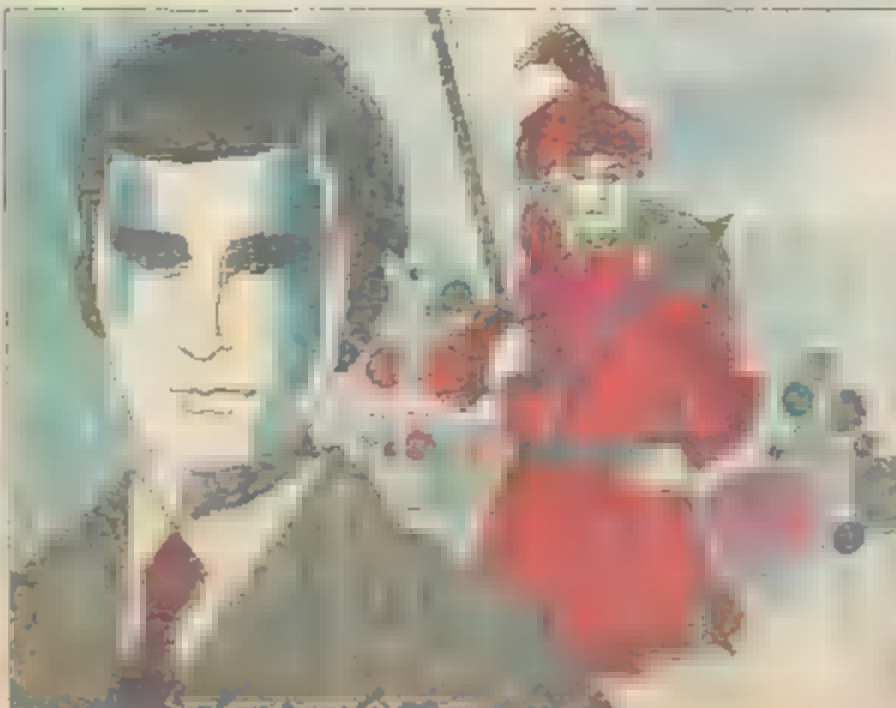


Jawaharlal's father went to England. The orthodox Kashmiri Brahmins wanted him to atone for his sin of crossing the river. He refused. That created a turmoil in the Kashmiri society. Jawaharlal understood the conflict between superstition and common sense.



Jawaharlal's education began under the tutorship of ■ European, F.T. Brookes. He felt absorbed in books like *Alice's Adventures*, *The Jungle Book* and *Don Quixote*. These were books which took him to realms of fancy.

His teacher, Mr. Brookes was a theosophist who believed that one could travel out of one's body through his own invisible astral self. Jawaharlal imbibed these ideas and dreamt at night that he flew through clouds.



Nationalist ideas thrilled him in his early teens as he went on reading in the newspapers about the Russo-Japanese War. He dreamt of fighting for India's freedom with sword in hand, like an old hero!

At 15, he accompanied his parents to England. The very day after their arrival in London they went to ~~see~~ the famous Derby Race. He came to know many important Indians of the day who happened to be in England then.



He was led to Harrow for studies. His parents left him amidst unfamiliar people. He felt lonely, but soon got accustomed to the situation and took a keen interest in games.

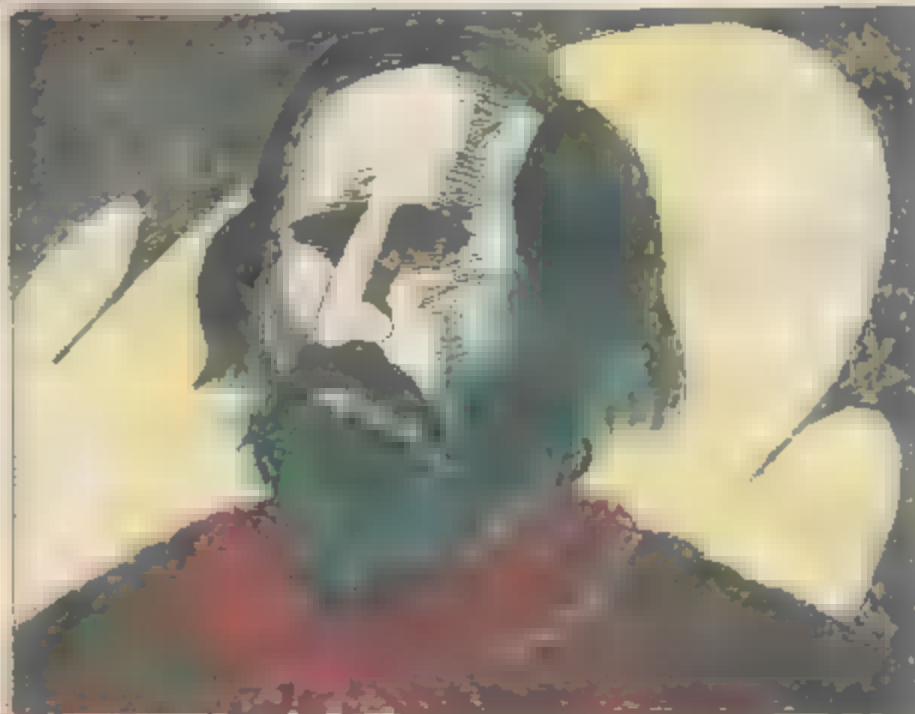
It was 1905. He read the ~~news~~ of the General Election in England with great interest. When the teacher asked the class about the result of the Election, Jawaharlal was the only one who could answer to his full satisfaction.





The young Jawaharlal began to grow anxious about events at home. Patriots in Bengal, Punjab and Maharashtra were agitating against the British. There was nobody at Harrow to whom he could talk about it. He felt restless.

He received as a school prize a book on Garibaldi, the legendary Italian patriot and revolutionary. The life of this great hero inspired him. In his mind India and Italy got mixed up.



Harrow seemed rather a small and restricted place for the visionary that Jawaharlal was becoming. He induced his father to let him go over to Cambridge. Motilal Nehru agreed. After only two years of stay, Jawaharlal left Harrow.

—To continue



THREE COMMENTS

Vijay Sharma was a celebrated poet in the court of the King of Kumargiri.

He relished his praise all right, but never tolerated any criticism. "Those who find fault with my poems are just envious of my achievement," he used to say. In fact, he said that the criticisms of poetry had no value. If people enjoyed poetry, that was enough.

One day the king asked him to carry a volume of his poems to the landlord of Govindpur, who was an educated man. "Don't say who is the poet. Only ask him to give his opinion of the poems," the king said.

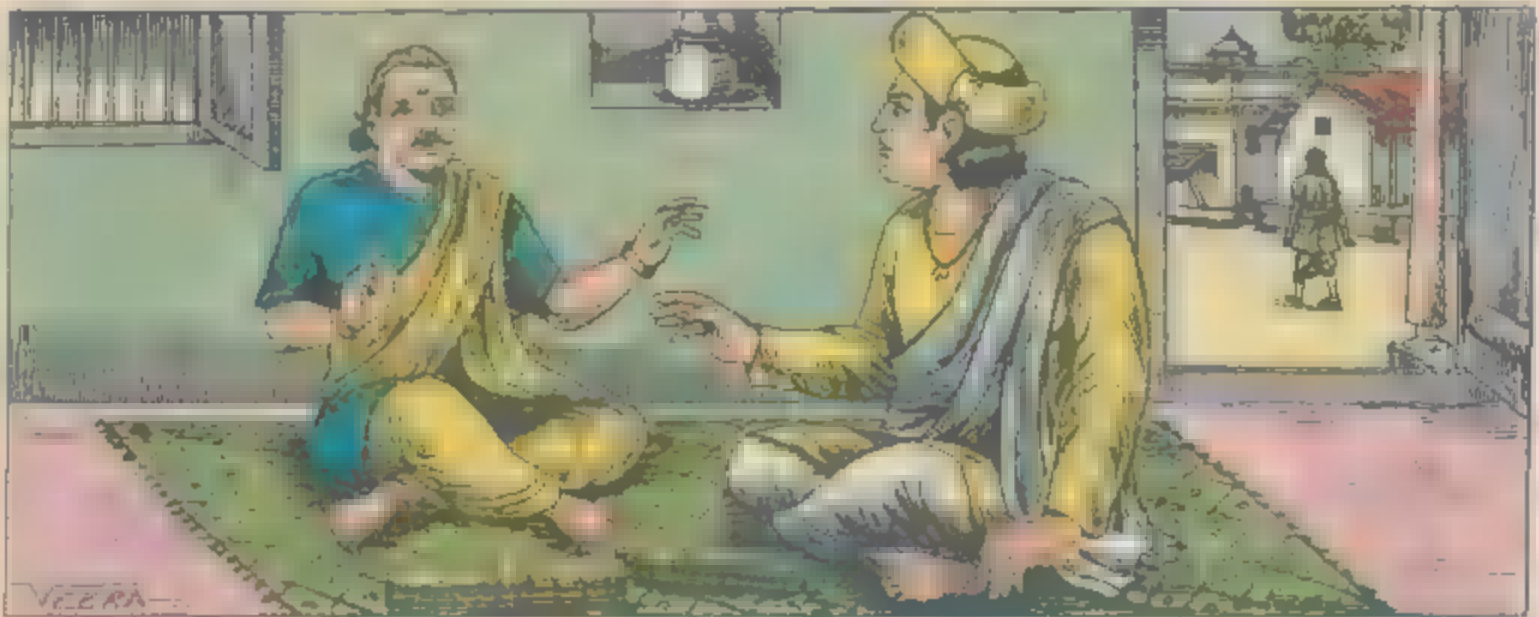
Vijay Sharma met the landlord and gave him the volume. The

landlord requested him to wait there for two days. On the third day he asked Sharma, "Is there any essay which explains these poems?"

"No, sir, there is none," replied Sharma.

"In that case I must confess that I have not been able to appreciate them very much. I am not a lover of poetry as such. But if someone explains to me the beauty hidden in a poem, I enjoy it," said the landlord, returning the volume to Sharma.

The poet was back in his king's court and reported to him the landlord's observation. "Sharma, will you please proceed to Rangpur and show the volume to



Pundit Chandra Mishra, the renowned scholar?"

Sharma did as instructed. The scholar went through the volume with great interest and said, "This is excellent poetry. However, like the black spots on the moon, this too has some minor defects." Then he showed the defects.

The poet returned to his king. "Sharma, I will be happy if you show the volume to Souri Shastri of Ravinagar," said the king.

The poet carried the volume to Shastri. He read it and said, "Well, I must say that the poet has capacity in him. He can progress if he tries."

The poet returned to the king and reported to him what Shastri said.

"None of them knew that they were written by you. There was no question of their being envious of you. What do you learn from this?" asked the king politely.

Vijay Sharma said humbly, "My lord, I understood from the first comment that there are people who need critical explanations of poetry. The second comment made me conscious of my defects. The third one told me that I must not stop progressing."

"I am happy," said the king.

THE WRONG WAY

Policeman: You are not driving the right way.

The new driver: Believe me, I drive the right way. But ~~the~~ times the way does not go the right way.





A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

In days gone by there was a famous sage in the forest of Dandakaranya. His name was Yogananda. He taught yoga and scriptures to young aspirants, but it was not easy for anybody to become his student. One was required to live in his Ashram for a full year just to prove that one was eligible to be his student.

One day a boy named Dhir Singh met the sage and expressed his desire to become his student. The sage surveyed him with keen eyes and said, "Very well, I accept you."

All those who heard this were surprised. The master had never accepted any other young man straightaway like that. One of his senior students asked him when he was alone, "Master, is Dhir Singh endowed with some extraordinary quality?"

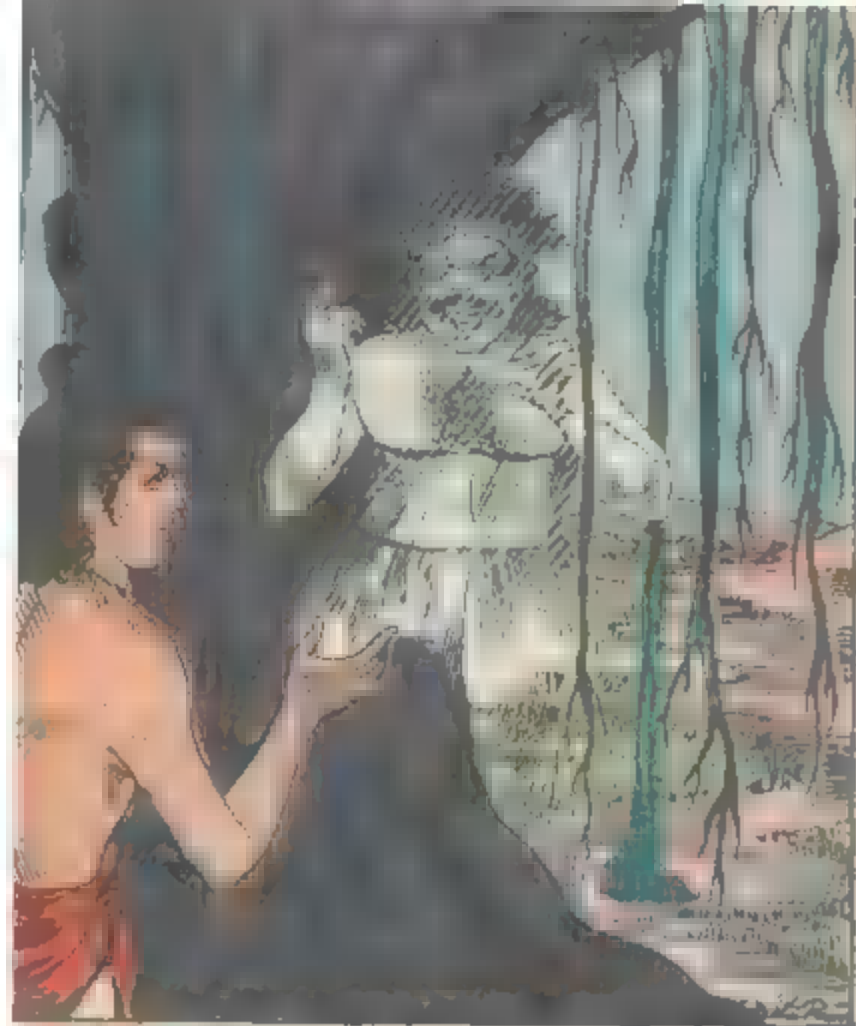
"You are right. That is my im-

pression," replied the sage. "What is that quality, Sir,?" asked the disciple. "We will know it in due course," said the sage.

Some days later, the sage led his students to another part of the ancient forest. They built a thatch on a lake and prepared to spend their night there.

"Boys, do you see that tree? Do not go near after the nightfall," the sage told his students pointing at an old banyan tree standing on the bank of the lake. The students looked at it with surprise and kept quiet. Dhir Singh and a few other students were not present there at that time as they were cooking the dinner for the group. Dhir Singh did not know about the master's instruction, but one of his friends whispered to him, "Do you see that tree over there? That is a haunted tree."

"Who told you?" asked Dhir



Singh.

"The master," replied the friend.

It was a moonlit night. All had fallen asleep. But Dhir Singh kept gazing at the tree. What kind of spirits haunt the tree? He could not check his curiosity for long. He went near the tree. Suddenly he found a whitish form emerging from the tree. Dhir understood that it was a spirit. But, instead of being frightened, he approached it and said, "Who are you?"

The spirit looked very happy. In an eerie tone he said, "After thousands of years a human being talked to me today."

"Thousands of years? Are you that old?"

"Yes, I was in Ravana's court. In fact, I was the spy who informed the demon king about the whereabouts of Rama and Sita. My name is Anukampan."

"I see!" said the amazed Dhir Singh. "What do you do now?" "I suffer a variety of tortures in hell. Once every month I am allowed to come here for a short while. I am happy that you are talking to me. I will take you with me to hell. Our king Ravana will be delighted to talk to the spirit of a human being. I can kill you without causing you any pain," said the spirit enthusiastically.

Dhir Singh knew that the spirit means what he says. He cannot escape. Only his master, who commands great powers, can save him. But the master was asleep. How to wake him up and bring him to the spot?

"Well, Anukampan, I am pleased to see you. But before I meet your king, I must know something about his present condition. How is he passing his time?" asked Dhir Singh.

"Well, not comfortably, I must say. He has to keep aloft a fire which boils a vesselful of oil."

"What a pity!" commented

Dhir Singh.

"Even more pitiable is the condition of Kumbhakarna. He cannot sleep at all! The moment his eyes close, some serpents enter his nostrils and wake him up!" said the spirit with a sigh.

"Is that so? What does he do?"

"What can he do but shriek?" said the spirit.

"How does he shriek? Can you demonstrate it?" asked Dhir Singh.

"Of course I can!" replied the spirit. Then he gave out ■ shriek.

"Oh no! The mighty Kumbhakarna must be shrieking even louder!" commented Dhir.

"You are right. I will try again," said the spirit and he went on shrieking louder and louder.

That woke up the sage. He came rushing to the spot.

"Begone you spirit!" he said. At once the spirit disappeared.

The sage asked Dhir what he

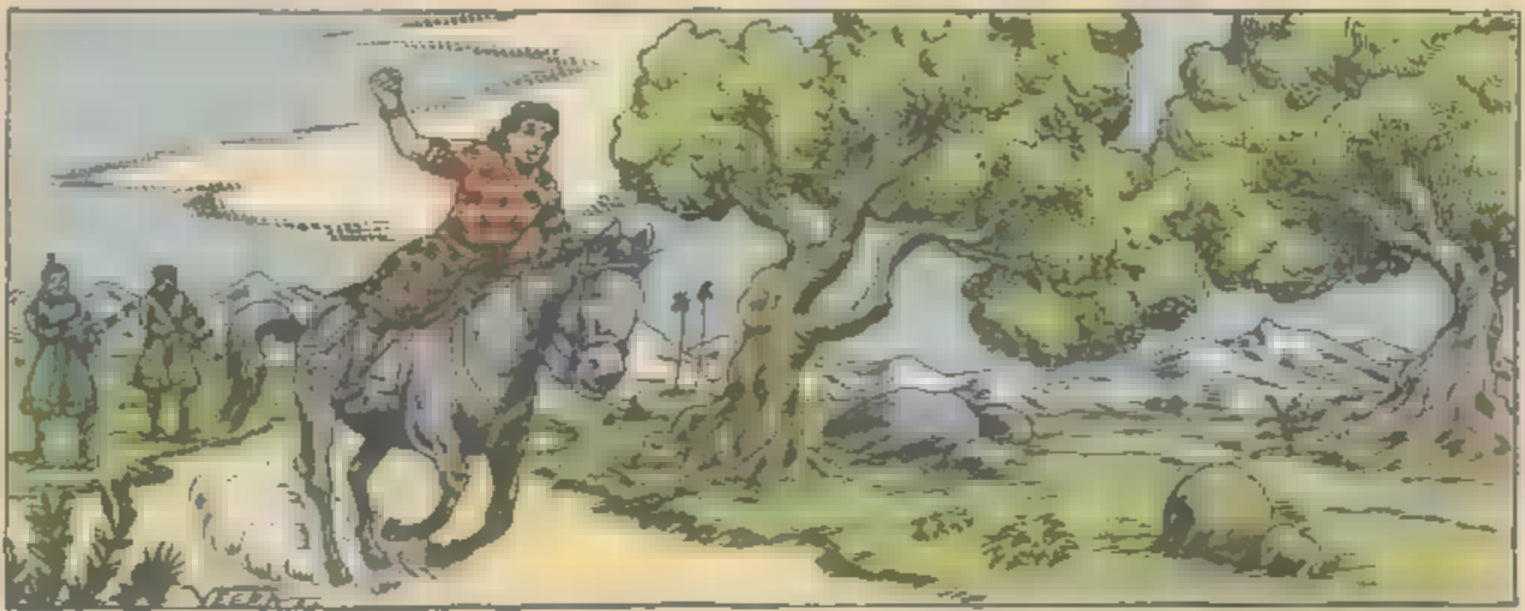
was doing there. Dhir told him all that had happened. The sage understood that the boy did not know about his instruction. He pardoned him, but said, "The spirit was ■ liar. He was not the ghost of Anukampan, nor did he live with Ravana or Kumbhakarna. But he certainly meant to kill you!"

"You saved me, Sir!" said Dhir Singh.

The sage put his hand on Dhir's head and said, "My boy, I knew that you had some special quality in you. Now I know what that quality is. It is courage. But courage must be put to proper use, not to satisfy merely idle curiosity. I will teach you the ways of Tantra, the practice of which requires great courage."

The boy bowed to him. In due course Dhir Singh became ■ great Tantrik and was famous as Dhirananda.





THE MAN BEHIND THE SWORD

Nanaji was the son of a village chieftain in Rajasthan. But he had lost his father. His uncles took care of him. Nanaji was proud of his father, because he had died in the battlefielg. It was his dream to be worthy of his father.

One day Nanaji heard some shouts. He ran to see what the matter was. Some merchants were leading some horses to the Maharana of Chittor. One of the horses ran amuck. Nobody could control it. The merchants went away, leaving the horse behind. The villagers were chasing the horse. But nobody dared to take hold of it.

When the horse was tired, Nanaji slowly approached it and fondled it. Somehow the horse re-

mained quiet. Nanaji brought it home and fed it. In no time the horse became obedient to him.

It proved to be the best horse in the locality. The people applauded when they saw Nanaji riding it.

"Horse I have. What I need is a sword," thought Nanaji. He had a sword, but that was a small one. One day an artisan visited his village. He was a maker and seller of swords. Nanaji picked up a sword and ran to meet his uncles.

"Can I buy this sword?" he asked eagerly. "But you have a sword!" said one of his uncles.

"I have. But that is very small!" said Nanaji.

"You see, my boy, what is important is the man behind the

sword. What if the sword is small? All that one wielding a small sword has to do is to take a step more to touch the target! That is all!" said the other uncle.

Nanaji nodded his agreement with the observation and returned the sword to the artisan.

A month later, one day the villagers were away at a festival when a gang of bandits struck the village. They led away the cattle and sheep belonging to the villagers. There was nobody present at that time who could offer any resistance to the bandits. They were leaving the village when suddenly they heard the sound of gallop behind them. It was Nanaji who pursued them, wielding his small sword.

The amused bandit-chief asked, "Do you dream of recovering your cattle with a toy sword?"

"It is not the sword, but the

man behind the sword that matters most, you fool!" shouted back Nanaji. Then, coming closer to the bandit-chief at great speed, he tried to strike his head off!

The bandit-chief moved his head in time to save it, but he lost his nose. "Kill the boy! Kill him!" he yelled out. But Nanaji's horse was so swift that whoever tried to capture him was trounced and wounded. The bandits fled. Nanaji led the animals back to his village.

Soon the village elders returned from the festival and heard all about Nanaji's bravery. "Son! You deserve the best sword in the land!" said his uncles. They bought him an excellent sword. "Use it only to protect the weak," said his guardians.

"I will," agreed Nanaji. He became a renowned general of his time.



THE COLOSSAL TIRTHANKARA

On the top of the Indragiri hill, 94 km. from Mysore in Karnataka stands the colossal figure of Tirthankara Gomateshwar, 17-metre or 57 feet high. This is monolithic or carved out of a single stone. This is the biggest stone figure in the country. 500 rock-cut steps lead to the hill-top. Every twelve years ■ special obeisance is offered to the image when milk, curd, honey, rice and fruits are poured on it. Last time it was done by the help of a helicopter. There are 43 images of other Tirthankaras and several shrines on the hill.



IS ALRIGHT ALL RIGHT?

Karim Ali of Delhi is not sure whether to use *all right* or *alright* to denote assent.

All right itself is a colloquial or informal phrase we use when we should say, "I agree" or "there is nothing objectionable about it" or something "was reasonably good". If Ramu says, "Let us go out for picnic tomorrow," your formal consent should be expressed in words like, "I agree." When someone asks if you will mind giving him a lift, you should say, if you are not very enthusiastic about it, "I have no objection to it." If someone asks you how you liked the picture, you should say, if it was nothing extraordinary, "It was reasonably good." But on all three occasions, it will do if you say, "It is *all right*" or "It was *all right*" or just *all right*. This already informal phrase is used still more informally as *alright*. The phrase is not wrong, but is less acceptable.

Mala Shah of Bangalore would like to know who is a *doyen*. *Doyen* is a senior, almost guardian-like person in any field of achievement. "Mr. Shankar Pillai, the founder of the now defunct *Shankar's Weekly*, is the *doyen* of cartoonists in India."

Pushpa Bhattacharya of Calcutta wants to know whether it is *Inspite of* or *In spite of*. It is *In spite of*; *in* and *spite* should be written as two different words. *Despite*, of course, is one word. You don't add *of* to *despite*. "Despite the delay, his application was accepted." "In spite of the delay, his application was accepted."





LET US KNOW

When was INCOSPAR formed in India?

—Ravi Desai,
Bombay.

The Indian National Committee for Space Research (INCOSPAR) was formed by the Department of Atomic Energy in 1962. The Equatorial Rocket Launching Station at Thumba was established in 1963. These two events can be called the starting points of the programme.

What is the exact date of the revival of the Olympic Games in last century?

—V. Krishnan,
Madras.

The Games began on 6 April 1896 and continued till 15th April, in Athens.

Did the Sitar originate in India?

—Soma Agarwal,
Pune.

Sitar and similar instruments owe their origin to the Veena which is one of the most ancient Indian musical instruments. Sitar, in its modern form, is supposed to have developed in Persia.

What is Yellow fever?

—B.R. Sethi,
Bombay.

A virus disease transmitted by forest mosquitoes in West Africa and South America. Its symptoms are high fever, acute nephritis, jaundice, etc.

What is the distance of moon from the earth? What is the diameter of moon?

—Ramesh Rao,
Bangalore.

238,855 miles. The diameter is 2159.9 miles.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



M. Natarajan

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—French Proverb.



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